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THE PAGEANT

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Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti Introductory note by Wallace Rice

The Pageant

a magazine of Belles-Lettres issued monthly by The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago. Sold by subscription at fifty cents per year or five cents per copy.

Volume I

No. 1. Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti, with a note by Wallace Rice.

Announcement.

The Blue Sky Press will be pleased to send any of its Hand-Made Books on approval, express prepaid.

For July, 1905:

Lyrics by W. S. Gilbert with an introductory note by Roswell Field.

Mote

Sister, daughter, niece, and daily companion of poets, herself pinnacled with Mrs. Browning as chief among the women singers of our English tongue, Christina Georgina Rossetti is a wistful, loving, lonely figure in that fine company of which Sappho, almost the earliest, remains the Born in London on the 5th of December in 1830, her life was lived almost wholly within the limits of that none too romantic city, and there she died, just past the threshold of her sixty-fifth year, on the 29th of December, 1894. Her poetic life began almost as Mrs. Browning's ended, and during nearly its entire extent she stood at the head of her lovely choir, not only in England, but in all the West; nor has any since risen to dispute her pre-eminence. THer father was Gabriele, an Italian poet-patriot of unquestioned purity of soul and clarity of talent, born in Vasto of the Abruzzi in 1783. Himself a poet, his elder brothers, Antonio and Domenico, have also left their impress upon Italian literature. Her mother was Frances Polidori, daughter to Gaetano Polidori, who had been Count Alfieri's secretary and was kinsman to Byron's associate. All were exiles, Rossetti having saved his life by flight in 1821, leaving a noble lyric, 'Nella notte più serena,' as a farewell to his native land. It was in London that these lovers of liberty met, all of them engaged in more or less precarious tasks of teaching and translation.

To the Rossettis four children were born. Dante Gabriel, poet and painter, was thirty months, William Michael, the critic, still surviving, fourteen months Christina's senior. The fourth, Maria Francesca, was not without celebrity as a writer. Though retaining full affection for their father's beautiful Italy, all were English in thought and feeling, and Christina, like her mother, became a devoted daughter of the Anglican communion, the moiety of her literary laboure being impact with the spirit of its ritual.

¶ Christina Rossetti, whose name was given her from Lady Dudley Stuart, daughter to Joseph Bonaparte, early grew into close association with that Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which has left so definite an impress upon the art and letters of the age. Though, through 'The Germ' and a little privately printed volume in her seventeenth year, her verses had secured the light of print, it was not until 'The Goblin Market 'appeared in 1861 with her brother's illustrations that any public recognition was accorded her. Thereafter her rise to eminence was assured, and in lyrical beauty and an ability to bind together into one words both common and poetic she remains unrivalled. Like her associates, she was 'a sensuous and phenomenal being'; unlike them, she attained that finest spirituality reserved for womankind. The year that saw this first ripened work of hers saw also her brother's 'Early Italian Poets' and Mr. Swinburne's 'Queen Mother and Rosamond.' William Morris's 'Defense of Guenevere' preceded these by three vears.

Tof Christina Rossetti's face and figure glimpses may be caught in her father's letters of her little self, a baby with 'rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,' and again and again in Dante Gabriel's art, as in the illustration of the Queens in Tennyson's 'Morte D'Arthur' and, most certainly, in the 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' one of the best of his paintings and the inspiration of one of his most notable sonnets. Few, knowing Christina Rossetti's poems, have been able to read this last without feeling that here, too, is set down something of that gifted sister's very self:

Unto God's will she brought devout respect, Profound simplicity of intellect, And supreme patience. From her mother's knee Faithful and hopeful; wise in charity; Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect: So held she through her girlhood; as it were An angel-watered lily, that near God Grows and is quiet.

¶ Of 'The Goblin Market' let it be said that in its happy phantasy, its dream-like imagery, its realization of child-hood's land of faery, its perfect adaptation of rime and rhythm to its pretty wanderings and abruptness of awe, it stands without an equal in our literature. So firmly has it gripped upon the imagination, so compact is it with the little imaginings of budding humankind, that it is of the ages, immortal. To read it and reflect upon Christina Georgina Rossetti as gone, is to realize the full significance of her brother's phrase:

As much as in a hundred years she 's dead; Yet is to-day the day on which she died.

WALLACE RICE.

Goblin Market by Christina Rossetti 1861

Goblin Market



ORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins
cry:
'Come buy our orchard
fruits.

Come buy, come buy: Apples and quinces, Lemons and oranges, Plump unpecked cherries, Melons and raspberries, Bloom-down-cheeked peaches, Swart-headed mulberries, Wild free-born cranberries, Crab-apples, dewberries, Pine-apples, blackberries, Apricots, strawberries;— All ripe together In summer weather,— Morns that pass by, Fair eves that fly; Come buy, come buy: Our grapes fresh from the vine, Pomegranates full and fine, Dates and sharp bullaces, Rare pears and greengages, Damsons and bilberries,

Taste them and try:
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.'

Evening by evening Among the brookside rushes, Laura bowed her head to hear, Lizzie veiled her blushes : Crouching close together In the cooling weather, With clasping arms and cautioning lips, With tingling cheeks and finger tips. 'Lie close,', Laura said, Pricking up her golden head: 'We must not look at goblin men, We must not buy their fruits: Who knows upon what soil they fed Their hungry, thirsty roots?' 'Come buy,' call the goblins, Hobbling down the glen. 'Oh,' cried Lizzie, 'Laura, Laura, You should not peep at goblin men.' Lizzie covered up her eyes, Covered close, lest they should look; Laura reared her glossy head, And whispered like the restless brook: 'Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,

Down the glen tramp little men. One hauls a basket, One bears a plate, One lugs a golden dish Of many pounds' weight. How fair the vine must grow Whose grapes are so luscious; How warm the wind must blow Through those fruit bushes.' 'No,' said Lizzie: 'No, no, no; Their offers should not charm us, Their evil gifts would harm us.' She thrust a dimpled finger In each ear, shut eyes and ran: Curious Laura chose to linger, Wondering at each merchant man. One had a cat's face, One whisked a tail, One tramped at a rat's pace, One crawled like a snail, One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry, One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry. She heard a voice like voice of doves

Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck Like a rush-imbedded swan, Like a lily from the beck, Like a moonlit poplar branch, Like a vessel at the launch When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill, repeated cry,
'Come buy, come buy.'
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts
brown

(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
'Come buy, come buy,' was still their
cry.

Laura stared, but did not stir, Longed, but had no money: The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste

In tones as smooth as honey, The cat-faced purred, The rat-paced spoke a word Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;

One parrot-voiced and jolly Cried 'Pretty Goblin' still for 'Pretty Polly ';--

One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:

'Good Folk, I have no coin; To take were to purloin: I have no copper in my purse, I have no silver either, And all my gold is on the furze That shakes in windy weather Above the rusty heather.' 'You have much gold upon your

head,'

They answered all together: 'Buy from us with a golden curl.' She clipped a precious golden lock, She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,

Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red:

Sweeter than honey from the rock, Stronger than man-rejoicing wine, Clearer than water flowed that juice; She never tasted such before, How should it cloy with length of use? She sucked and sucked the more

Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;

She sucked until her lips were sore; Then flung the emptied rinds away, But gathered up one kernel-stone, And knew not was it night or day As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate, Full of wise upbraidings: 'Dear, you should not stay so late, Twilight is not good for maidens; Should not loiter in the glen, In the haunts of goblin men. Do you not remember Jeanie, How she met them in the moonlight, Took their gifts both choice and many, Ate their fruits and wore their flowers, Plucked from bowers Where summer ripens at all hours? But ever in the noonlight She pined and pined away; Sought them by night and day, Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey; Then fell with the first snow, While to this day no grass will grow Where she lies low:

I planted daisies there a year ago

That never blow. You should not loiter so.' 'Nay, hush," said Laura: 'Nay, hush, my sister: I ate and ate my fill, Yet my mouth waters still; To-morrow night I will Buy more': and kissed her: 'Have done with sorrow; I'll bring you plums to-morrow Fresh on their mother twigs, Cherries worth getting; You cannot think what figs My teeth have met in, What melons icy-cold Piled on a dish of gold Too huge for me to hold, What peaches with a velvet nap, Pellucid grapes without one seed: Odorous indeed must be the mead Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink With lilies at the brink, And sugar-sweet their sap.'

Golden head by golden head, Like two pigeons in one nest Folded in each other's wings, They lay down in their curtained bed: Like two blossoms on one stem, Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow, Like two wands of ivory Tipped with gold for awful kings. Moon and stars gazed in at them, Wind sang to them lullaby, Lumbering owls forbore to fly, Not a bat flapped to and fro Round their rest: Cheek to cheek and breast to breast Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning When the first cock crowed his warning, Neat like bees, as sweet and busy, Laura rose with Lizzie: Fetched in honey, milked the cows, Aired and set to rights the house, Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat, Cakes for dainty mouths to eat, Next churned butter, whipped up cream, Fed their poultry, sat and sewed; Talked as modest maidens should: Lizzie with an open heart, Laura in an absent dream, One content, one sick in part; One warbling for the mere bright day's delight, One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;

Lizzie most placid in her look, Laura most like a leaping flame.

They drew the gurgling water from its deep;

Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags.

Then turning homeward said: 'The sunset flushes

Those farthest loftiest crags; Come, Laura, not another maiden lags, No wilful squirrel wags, The beasts and birds are fast asleep.' But Laura loitered still among the rushes

And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill:
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
'Come buy, come buy,'
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,

In groups of single, Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, 'O Laura, come; I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look;

You should not loiter longer at this brook;

Come with me home.

The stars rise, the moon bends her arc, Each glowworm winks her spark,

Let us go home before the night grows dark:

For clouds may gather,

Though this is summer weather,

Put out the lights and drench us through;

Then if we lost our way, what should we do?'

Laura turned cold as stone To find her sister heard that cry alone, That goblin cry,

'Come buy our fruits, come buy.'

Must she, then, buy no more such dainty fruit?

Must she no more that succous pasture find,

Gone deaf and blind?

Her tree of life drooped from the root:

She said not one word in her heart's sore ache;

But peering through the dimness

But peering through the dimness, nought discerning,

Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way;

So crept to bed, and lay Silent till Lizzie slept; Then sat up in a passiona

Then sat up in a passionate yearning, And gnashed her teeth for balked desire, and wept

As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
'Come buy, come buy';—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon waxed bright,
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon
doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day, remembering her kernelstone, She set it by a wall that faced the south; Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root, Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller
sees

False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful
breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of
wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimneynook,
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry:
'Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy':—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir

Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter
time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door:
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with
clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,

Mopping and mowing, Full of airs and graces, Pulling wry faces, Demure grimaces, Cat-like and rat-like, Ratel and wombat-like, Snail-paced in a hurry, Parrot-voiced and whistler, Helter skelter, hurry skurry, Chattering like magpies, Fluttering like pigeons, Gliding like fishes,-Hugged her and kissed her, Squeezed and caressed her: Stretched up their dishes, Panniers, and plates: 'Look at our apples Russet and dun, Bob at our cherries, Bite at our peaches, Citrons and dates, Grapes for the asking, Pears red with basking Out in the sun, Plums on their twigs; Pluck them and suck them, Pomegranates, figs.

'Good folk,' said Lizzie, Mindful of Jeanie: 'Give me much and many';—

Held out her apron, Tossed them her penny. 'Nay, take a seat with us, Honour and eat with us,' They answered, grinning: 'Our feast is but beginning. Night yet is early, Warm and dewpearly, Wakeful and starry: Such fruits as these No man can carry; Half their bloom would fly, Half their dew would dry, Half their flavour would pass by. Sit down and feast with us, Be welcome guest with us, Cheer you and rest with us.'-'Thank you,' said Lizzie, 'but one waits

At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee.'—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;

Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their
fruits

Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water, Twenty cannot make him drink. Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,

Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as
ink,

Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrupped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,

And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.

At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance
Flung back her penny, kicked their
fruit

Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a
sound,

Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle, Lizzie went her way; Knew not was it night or day; Sprang up the bank, tore through the furze,

Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windypaced

That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried 'Laura,' up the garden,
'Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me:
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant
men.'

Laura started from her chair, Flung her arms up in the air, Clutched her hair: "Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted For my sake the fruit forbidden? Must your light like mine be hidden, Your young life like mine be wasted, Undone in mine undoing, And ruined in my ruin, Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden?' She clung about her sister, Kissed and kissed and kissed her: Tears once again Refreshed her shrunken eyes, Drooping like rain After long sultry drouth; Shaking with anguish fear, and pain, She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her
tongue,
She loathed the feast:
Writhing as one possessed she leaped
and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,

Would talk about the haunted glen, The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,

Their fruits like honey to the throat, But poison in the blood; (Men sell not such in any town): Would tell them how her sister stood, In deadly peril to do her good, And win the fiery antidote: Then joining hands to little hands Would bid them cling together, 'For there is no friend like a sister In calm or stormy weather; To cheer one on the tedious way, To fetch one if one goes astray, To lift one if one totters down, To strengthen whilst one stands.'

Glue Sky Press Books

THE BURIAL OF ROMEO AND JULIET, BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, HAND LETTERED, VAN GELDER PAPER, \$1.50;
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GELDER PAPER, \$2.00; JAPAN VELLUM, \$10.00.

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THE BLUE SKY MAGAZINE

THE first number of The Blue Sky was issued in August, 1899, and the last to be published was that for April, 1902. For the benefit of those who wish to keep a complete file of the magazine, the publishers make the following offer of the five volumes, bound in antique boards with all original wrappers included:

Price, express paid - - - - \$5.00 Send for complete list of books.

The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park - - Chicago, Ill.

Glue Sky Press Books

HOW JAQUES CAME INTO THE FOREST OF ARDEN; AN IMPERTINENCE, by Elia W. Peattie.

Lovers of Shakespeare have all wondered, sometimes, at the character of "the melancholy Jaques;" one feels that he is a man with a story, even as he himself hints in speaking of his "experience." And if, in telling it, Mrs. Peattie has been impertinent, we are the gainers thereby. In the tale is the clear dramatic light of Elizabethan England, that would be old and quaint, if we did not know Shakespeare so well. The spirit of Arden forest touches it; and so does a deep note of modern idealism that makes it move us as the cleverness of counterfeit age could never do. Truly, it is a story well wrought.

Van Gelder hand-made paper; rubricated title-page and head lines; bound in antique boards, hand illuminated. The illustrations and cover design by Walter J. Enright. Initial letters by Harry E. Townsend, illu-

minated by Barbara Peattie.

4½x6—82 pp. August, 1901. 700 copies on paper, each, \$1.50; 25 copies on Japan vellum, each, \$3.00; 3 copies on genuine parchment, each, \$50. The vellum and parchment editions are out of print.

Books sent on approval when requested.

The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park - - Chicago, Ill.

Glue Sky Press Books

IN A BALCONY by ROBERT BROWNING

With an Introduction by Laura McAdoo Triggs

This play holds a position distinctly its own among the dramatic works of the masters; the present edition is an earnest effort to clothe it in a manner that befits

its quality.

Printed in black and red on white Van Gelder hand-made paper, sheets being dampened before printing. Designs for title-pages, heading, etc., by Dwiggins and Goudy. All bindings antique boards with Ingres hand-made end papers, unless otherwise ordered. Can be supplied in sheets for those who wish to have a special binding.

This was the first reprint issued by The Blue Sky

Press.

Edition is 6x9—72 pp. July, 1902. 400 copies on paper, each, \$3.00;*15 copies on Japan vellum, each, \$5.00. All packed in slide cases, by express prepaid.

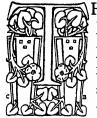
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*The vellum edition is out of print.

The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park - - Chicago, Ill.

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Volume I

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No. 2. Lyrics by W. S. Gilbert, with a note by Roswell Field.

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For August, 1905:

Episodes from the Life of Richard Nash, Esq., with an introductory note by Lucius Cock.

Price Advances

When a desirable stock is on the market, and you get a reliable "tip" that it's going to advance, you buy. A dollar saved is a dollar earned. Sometime before Christmas The Pageant is going to advance in price. We are not going to charge all it is worth, but it is worth a great deal more than we ask, and the present low rate of 50 cents per year cannot last very much longer. In the meantime we shall be pleased to have you come in on the Ground Floor at 50 cents per year. Address, The Blue. Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill. Number one will only be sent on subscriptions to those who have not already received it

Books of Walue

One buys the popular novel of today to read, lend to one's neighbor and then forget. But there are things which each of us likes to read and later read again.

We do not all like the same thing; one may like Poe, another Shakespeare. I may like Mallory, you may like Omar; but the things we do care for, we wish to possess in attractive form; not gaudy, but well printed, on the best paper and in dignified, simple binding, full crushed levant if we can afford it. These books are kept on a shelf or in a case by themselves, where we can readily find that which appeals most to the mood we may be in.

The value of some of these books is very materially affected by cutting the leaves, and so, as value appeals to nearly all of us, we read some of them without even cutting the pages. Most book-lovers are very particular about their choice books and object to lending them. In fact we sometimes feel friendship severely strained when asked to lend one of these books and shudder as we recall the deplorable condition in which some of our favorites have been returned.

In making Blue Sky Press books, the design, illustrations and type have been carefully planned to preserve the unity of the whole. Antique boards, with simple cover designs, make artistic bindings for most of our books, although a few are bound in full calf.

These books have an individuality that will surely please you. They are just the thing for gift books, and are desirable in any library. Do you want our catalogue and sample pages? Address The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago, Ili.

Lyrics by W. S. Gilbert

NOTE

Nearly forty years ago, when William Schwenck Gilbert came before the British public with a proffer of the rollicking Bab Ballads, the Spectator, duly sensible of its position in the literary world, and wholly aware of the eagerness with which the rising author consulted its critical columns, gave this learned and astonishing opinion: "We have not found a single line in the book which expresses either a subtle sense of incongruity, as distinguished from a calculated and vulgar distortion, or a really buoyant and playful heart. It is all screams of forced mirth and coarse exaggeration of the grotesque into the impossible." It is easy enough to imagine the "screams" that must have greeted this criticism as delivered to a public already captivated by verses so deliciously nonsensical as to occupy even to this day a position peculiarly their own. Whatever the status of Mr. Gilbert's heart as relates to buoyancy or playfulness, it is not doubted that he cheerfully admitted that nothing in his ballads could be funnier than this pompous review. The Spectator itself slowly came to realize the absurdity of its own comment and to permit the Gilbertian humor to penetrate its skull, for two years later it made partial atonement by saying: "The second series is better. The nonsense is seldom unredeemed by some spice of wit, some sly gleam of irony or reflected ruddy glow of humor."

From the moment of Mr. Gilbert's association with the Bab Ballads his reputation and popularity were established. There was nobody in the literature of the day just like him, and if he did not steal the country newspaper's prerogative of "filling a long-felt want" he had at least the assurance of an appreciative and delighted audience whenever he chose to turn his whimsical fancy to account. He

was never a humorist in the gentler sense of the word; he was too terrific for that, and those who once writhed under the merciless lash of his satire never forgave him for the infliction. But his abilities did not stop there, for if delicacy and pathos and refinement were not his by nature, they came to him as a literary gift, and whatever the underlying impulse of the man, as revealed in stories of his savage wit, his pen has given forth not a little that is beautiful and sympathetic.

As a satirist, though usually of a somewhat exaggerated type, Mr. Gilbert has been unequaled in his generation, and as a writer of the comic opera lyric he seems to be in no immediate danger of dethronement in popular or critical estimation. The Savoy operas gave him full opportunity for the exercise of his wit, and whether bombarding the naval officials in Pinafore or the house of lords in Iolanthe or the devotees of the æsthetic cult in Patience, he was sure of his public which, now with the complete surrender of the Spectator, recognized in him the licensed castigator of public follies.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, who counts himself among the staunchest of Gilbert's admirers, and who admits that his voice gives out a "ring of rapture" whenever the Bab Ballads or the Savoy lyrics are the subject of discussion, believes that the delightfulness of the Gilbertian rhymes "consists mainly in the sudden changes of tone," the constant succession of surprises. While this element of charm must be admitted, it would be well to lay special stress on another potential feature, the use of the unexpected word, or what has been called—possibly by Mr. Beerbohm—the eccentricities of vocabulary. It is not so much the extent of Mr. Gilbert's vocabulary, wide though the range may be, as the pat phrase, the pertinent word, that brims the measure of the reader's joy. When the lord chancellor in Iolanthe relates how he sits in court all day "giving agreeable girls away," there is a chuckle in the word "agreeable" that no other adjective could

have supplied. And when the æsthetic gentleman in Patience speaks of the "sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion" or a "not-too-too French bean," the ordinary versifier, who may have been brought up on Calverley, throws his academic ideals to the winds even while he despairs of imitating successfully the master of the extravagant lyric.

No excuse is necessary for the publication of the text of a Gilbert lyric which may have become famous largely through the beauty or catchiness of the accompanying music. He was a critic of commendable discrimination who said brusquely that "music is fatal to good verses." To appreciate in a complete degree the whimsicality, the deliciousness, the richness, of Gilbert's versification the words must be stripped of their jungling ornamentation and read just as they came from the pen of their creator. It is true that in these days of wretched libretti, dished out to the public by atrocious scribblers, nobody cares how much of the text is mouthed and swallowed by the singer; in fact it is more in the nature of relief that the commonplace sentiment, with the cut and dried and conventional rhymes, is not permitted to reveal to the audience the lamentable decay of literary ability in the circle of those who now write for the stage. But there is not a line, not a word, of Gilbert's which can be dismissed as not essential to complete appreciation and enjoyment. That this was recognized at the outset was shown in the requirement of perfect enunciation for singers in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

And yet how often this requirement failed will be noted by those who, in this little compilation of some of Gilbert's popular verses, will read and fully understand their favorite lyrics for the first time. Even in so hackneyed a performance as Pinafore, much of the humor of Josephine's soliloquy, "What am I giving up and whither going," may be now revealed. And who may not say that until now he has never quite caught the full measure of the "receipt for that popular mystery," the heavy dragoon? The confessions of the judge who "fell in love with a rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter," the disgust of the maid who "expressed such terror at the monstrous error" of the adoring ape, and the satisfaction of the complacent æsthete who explained that "the meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind," will shine with a brighter light since they have been divested of their orchestral accompaniment and presented without distracting alliances.

Mr. Gilbert, who easily amassed a fortune notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of the Spectator at the beginning of his career, has apparently dropped out of active literary life, as may be excusable in many men in their seventieth year. He is living in rural England, performing the duties of a magistrate, and presumably with as keen enjoyment as ever experienced by his own judge, in Trial by Jury or his lord high chancellor in Iolanthe. Fortune has been kind to Mr. Gilbert, and he might well repeat his own words: "They give me this and they give me that, and I've nothing whatever to grumble at." And we who should be thankful for what he has given us are grumbling because the supply has stopped when we believe the well is not yet dry.

Roswell Field.

Buena Park, July 1905.

RULER OF THE QUEEN'S NAVEE. (Pinafore)

When I was a lad I served a term
As office boy to an Attorney's firm.
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And I polished up the handle of the big front
door.

I polished up that handle so carefullee That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

As office boy I made such a mark
That they gave me the post of a junior clerk.
I served the writs with a smile so bland,
And I copied all the letters in a big round

I copied all the letters in a hand so free, That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

In serving writs I made such a name That an articled clerk I soon became; I wore clean collars and a bran new suit For the pass examination at the Institute.

And that pass examination did so well for me,

That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip
That they took me into the partnership.
And that junior partnership I ween
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.
But that kind of ship so suited me,
That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's
Navee!

I grew so rich that I was sent
By a pocket borough into Parliament.
I always voted at my party's call,
And I never thought of thinking for myself
at all.

I thought so little, they rewarded me, By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—
Stick close to your desks and never go
to sea,

And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee!

THE HOURS CREEP ON APACE.

(Pinafore)

The hours creep on apace, My guilty heart is quaking! Oh, that I might retrace, The step that I am taking.

Its folly it were easy to be showing,
What I am giving up and whither goir

What I am giving up and whither going. On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,

Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses, Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger

glasses.

Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows, And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.

And on the other, a dark dingy room,

In some back street with stuffy children crying,

Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,

And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying. With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in

And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,
Unlettered and unknown,
Who toils for bread from early morn
Till half the night is flown!
No golden rank can he impart—

No wealth of house or land—
No fortune save his trusty heart
And honest brown right hand!
And yet he is so wondrous fair
That love for one so passing rare,
So peerless in his manly beauty,
Were little less than solemn duty!
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!

NONE SHALL PART US.

(Iolanthe)

None shall part us from each other. One in life and death are we: All in all to one another-I to thee and thou to me! Thou the tree and I the flower— Thou the idol; I the throng— Thou the day and I the hour— Thou the singer; I the song! All in all since that fond meeting When, in joy, I woke to find Mine the heart within thee beating, Mine the love that heart enshrined! Thou the stream and I the willow-Thou the sculptor; I the clay— Thou the ocean; I the billow— Thou the sunrise; I the day!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

(Iolanthe)

When I went to the Bar as a very young man, (Said I to myself—said I,)

I'll work on a new and original plan, (Said I to myself—said I,)

I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief, Because his attorney has sent me a brief, (Said I to myself—said I!)

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes, (Said I to myself—said I,)

Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise, (Said I to myself—said I,)

Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force

In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorce,

Have perjured themselves as a matter of course,

(Said I to myself—said I!)

Ere I go into court I will read my brief through,

(Said I to myself—said I,)

And I'll never take work I'm unable to do, (Said I to myself—said I,)

My learned profession I'll never disgrace By taking a fee with a grin on my face, When I haven't been there to attend to the case,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

In other professions in which men engage, (Said I to myself—said I,)

The Army, the Navy, the Church and the Stage,

(Said I to myself—said I,)

Professional license, if carried too far, Yourchance of promotion will certainly mar— And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar, (Said I to myself—said I!)

THE HEAVY DRAGOON.

(Patience)

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, Known to the world as a Heavy Dragoon, Take all the remarkable people in history,

Rattle them off to a popular tune.

The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the Victory—

Genius of Bismarck devising a plan— The humour of Fielding (which sounds contradictory)—

Coolness of Paget about to trepan—
The science of Julien, the eminent musico—

Wit of Macaullay, who wrote of Queen

The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault—

Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man— Thedash of a D'Orsay, divested of quackery— Narrative powers of Dickens and Thackeray— Victor Emmanuel—peak-haunting Peveril— Thomas Aquinas, the Doctor Sacheverell—

Tupper and Tennyson—Daniel Defoe—Anthony Trollope and Mr. Guizot!

Take of these elements all that is fusible, Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,

Set them to simmer and take off the scum, And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

If you want a receipt for this soldier-like paragon,

Get at the wealth of the Czar (if you can)— The family pride of a Spaniard from Arragon—

Force of Mephisto pronouncing a ban— A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky—

Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan— The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky—

Grace of an Odalisque on a divan—
The genius strategic of Cæsar or Hannibal—
Skill of Sir Garnet in thrashing a cannibal—
Flavour of Hamlet—the stranger, a touch of
him—

Little of Manfred (but not very much of him)-

Beadle of Burlington—Richardson's show—Mr. Micawber and Madame Tussaud!

Take of these elements all that is fusible, Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,

Set them to simmer and take off the scum, And a Heavy Dragoon is the residuum!

IN THE HIGH ÆSTHETIC LINE.

(Patience)

If you're anxious for to shine in the high æsthetic line as a man of culture rare,

You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.

You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,

The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.

And every one will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

"If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,

Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away,

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And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of good Queen Anne was Culture's palmiest day.

Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude and

mean,

For Art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.

And every one will say,

As you walk your mystic way,

"If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,

Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion of a vegetable fashion must excite your languid spleen,

An attachment a la Plato for a bashful young potato, or a not-too-French French bean!

Though the Philistines may jostle, you will rank as an apostle in the high æsthetic band,

If you walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in your mediæval hand.

And every one will say,

As you walk your flowery way,

"If he's content with a vegetable love which would certainly not suit me,

Why, what a most particularly pure young man this pure young man must be!"

"WILLOW, TITWILLOW."

(The Mikado)

On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you
sit

Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,

Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,

Then he threw himself into the billowy wave, And an echo arose from the suicide's grave— "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name

Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him
exclaim,

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I

Shall perish as he did, and you will know why, Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die, "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT.

(Princess Ida)

Whene'er I spoke Sarcastic joke

Replete with malice spiteful, This people mild Politely smiled,

And voted me delightful! Now when a wight Sits up all night

Ill-natured jokes devising, And all his wiles Are met with smiles,

It's hard, there's no disguising!
Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

When German bands
From music stands
Played Wagner imperfectly—
I bade them go—
They didn't say no,
But off they went directly!
The organ boys

They stopped their noise
With readiness surprising,
And grinning herds
Of hurdy-gurds
Retired apologising!
Oh, don't the days seem lank and long, &c.

I offered gold
In sums untold
To all who'd contradict me—
I said I'd pay
A pound a day
To any one who kicked me—
I bribed with toys
Great vulgar boys
To utter something spiteful,
But, bless you, no!
They would be so
Confoundedly politeful!

In short, these aggravating lads
They tickle my tastes, they feed my fads,
They give me this and they give me that,
And I've nothing whatever to grumble at!

THE APE AND THE LADY.

(Princess Ida)

A lady fair, of lineage high, Was loved by an Ape, in the days gone by— The Maid was radiant as the sun, The Ape was a most unsightly one—
So it would not do—
His scheme fell through,
For the Maid, when his love took formal
shape,

Expressed such terror At his monstrous error,

That he stammered an apology and made his escape,

The picture of a disconcerted Ape.

With a view to rise in the social scale, He shaved his bristles, and he docked his tail, He grew moustachios, and he took his tub, And he paid a guinea to a toilet club—

But it would not do, The scheme fell through—

For the Maid was Beauty's fairest Queen,

With golden tresses, Like a real princess's,

While the Ape, despite his razor keen, Was the apiest Ape that ever was seen!

He bought white ties, and he bought dress suits,

He crammed his feet into bright tight boots— And to start in life on a bran new plan, He christened himself Darwinian Man!

> But it would not do, The scheme fell through

For the Maiden fair, whom the monke craved,
Was a radiant Being,
With a brain far-seeing—
While a Man, however well-behaved,
At best is only a monkey shaved!

THE JUDGE. (Trial by Jury)

When I, good friends, was called to the bar, I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
But I was, as many young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallow-tail coat of a beautiful blue—
A brief which I bought of a booby—
A couple of shirts and a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby!

In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance
Of addressing a British Jury—
But I soon got tired of third class journeys,
And dinners of bread and water;
So I fell in love with a rich attorney's
Elderly, ugly daughter.

The rich attorney, he jumped with joy, And replied to my fond professions: "You shall reap the reward of your pluck, my boy

At the Bailey and Middlesex Sessions. You'll soon get used to her looks," said he, "And a very nice girl you'll find her! She may very well pass for forty-three In the dusk, with a light behind her!"

The rich attorney was good as his word,
The briefs came trooping gaily,
And every day my voice was heard
At the Sessions or Ancient Bailey.
All thieves who could my fees afford
Relied on my orations,
And many a burglar I've restored
To his friends and his relations.

At length I became as rich as the Gurneys— An incubus then I thought her, So I threw over that rich attorney's Elderly, ugly daughter.

The rich attorney my character high Tried vainly to disparage—

And now, if you please, I'm ready to try
This Breach of Promise of Marriage!

THE DEFENDANT.

(Trial by Jury)

Oh, gentlemen, listen, I pray,
Though I own that my heart has been ranging,

Of nature the laws I obey,
For nature is constantly changing.
The moon in her phases is found,
The time and the wind and the weather,
The months in succession come round,
And you don't find two Mondays together.
Consider the moral I pray,
Nor bring a young fellow to sorrow,
Who loves this young lady to-day,

And loves that young lady to-morrow.

You cannot eat breakfast all day,
Nor is it the act of a sinner,
When breakfast is taken away,
To turn your attention to dinner;
And it's not in the range of belief,
That you could hold him as a glutton,
Who, when he is tired of beef,
Determines to tackle the mutton.
But this I am ready to say,
If it will appease their sorrow,
I'll marry this lady to-day,
And I'll marry the otherto-morrow.

PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN.

(Patience)

Prithee, pretty maiden-prithee tell me true, (Hey but I'm doleful, willow willow waly!) Have you e'er a lover a-dangling after you?

Hey willow waly O!

I would fain discover
If you have a lover?
Hey willow waly O!

Gentle sir, my heart is frolicsome and free—
(Hey but he's doleful, willow willow waly!)
Nobody I care for comes a-courting me—
Hey willow waly O!
Nobody I care for
Comes a-courting—therefore,
Hey willow waly O!

Prithee, pretty maiden, will you marry me?
(Hey but I'm hopeful, willow willow waly!)
I may say, at once, I'm a man of propertee—

Hey willow waly O!

Money, I despise it,

But many people prize it,

Hey willow waly O!

Gentle sir, although to marry, I design—
(Hey but he's hopeful, willow willow waly!)
As yet I do not know you, and so I must
decline,

Hey willow waly O!
To other maidens go you—
As yet I do not know you,
Hey willow waly O!

You and I,

Of the feeling I inspire

You may tire

By and bye.

For Peers with flowing coffers

Press their offers_

That is why

I think we will not tarry

Ere we marry,

You and I!

If we're weak enough to tarry Ere we marry,

You and I,

With some more attractive maiden

Jewel-laden,

You may fly.

If by chance we should be parted,

Broken hearted

I should die—

So I think we will not tarry

Ere we marry,

You and I!

Sir Galahad

William Morris was a noted socialist and craftsman. He was also a writer of some quaint and curious pieces of enduring literature. Many of his themes were taken from Sir Thomas Mallory, and among the most interesting of these is "Sir Galahad or a Christmas Mystery." This was one of the first books to be printed at the now famous Kelmscott Press. It portrays the vision of Sir Galahad on Christmas eve, a year before he attained the Holy Grail: Of all the Knights of King Arthur's Court, he alone was worthy. A photogravure reproduction has been made of Hinton's beautiful oil painting illustrating the vision, and is used as a frontispiece to The Blue Sky Press hand-lettered edition of Sir Galahad. Only a limited number have been printed, and these are offered for sale at \$2.50, on Van Gelder paper and \$5.00 on Japan vellum. A copy will be sent anywhere on approval. Address, The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago.

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THE PAGEANT

A Magazine of Belles-Lettres & The Blue Sky & Press & Chicago

In this number:

The Life of Richard Nash, Esq., by Oliver Goldsmith.

The Pageant

a magazine of Belles-Lettres issued monthly by The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago. Sold by subscription at fifty cents per year or ten cents per copy.

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No. 3. Episodes from The Life of Richard Nash, Esq., by Oliver Goldsmith

For September, 1905:

The New Helen and Other Verses by Oscar Wilde, with a note by Alden Charles Noble.

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By Oliver Goldsmith

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Preface

The following Memoir is neither calculated to inflame the reader's passions with descriptions of gallantry, nor to gratify his malevolence with details of scandal. The amours of coxcombs and the pursuits of debauchees are as destitute of novelty to attract us as they are of variety to entertain; they still present us but the same picture—a picture we have seen a thousand times repeated. The life of Richard Nash is incapable of supplying any entertainment of this nature to a prurient curiosity. Though it was passed in the very midst of debauchery, he practiced but few of those vices he was often obliged to assent to. Though he lived where gallantry was the capital pursuit, he was never known to favor it by his example, and what authority he had was set to oppose it. Instead, therefore, of a romantic history filled with warm pictures and fanciful adventures, the reader of the following account must rest satisfied with a genuine and candid recital compiled from the papers he left behind, and others equally authentic; a recital neither written with a spirit of satire nor panegyric, and with scarcely any other art than that of arranging the materials in their natural order.

But though little art has been used, it is hoped that some entertainment may be collected from the life of a person so much talked of, and yet so little known, as Mr. Nash. The history of a man who for more than fifty years presided over the pleasures of a polite kingdom, and whose life, though without anything to surprise, was ever marked with singularity, deserves the attention of the present age; the pains he took in pursuing pleasure, and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles, may one day claim the smile of posterity. At least such a history is well calculated to supply a vacant hour with innocent amusement, however it may fail to open the heart or improve the understanding.

Yet his life, how trifling soever it may appear to the inattentive, was not without its real advantages to the public. He was the first who diffused a desire of society and an easiness of address among a whole people, who were formerly censured by foreigners for a reservedness of behavior and an awkward timidity in their first approaches. He first taught a familiar intercourse among strangers at Bath and Tunbridge, which still subsists among them. That ease and open access first acquired there our gentry brought back to the metropolis, and thus the whole kingdom by degrees became more refined by lessons originally derived from him.

Had it been my design to have made this history more pleasing at the expense of truth, it had been easily performed; but I chose to describe the man as he was, not such as imagination could have helped in completing his picture: he will be found to have been a weak man, governing weaker subjects, and may be considered as resembling a monarch of Cappadocia, whom Cicero somewhere calls "the little king of a little people."

But, while I have been careful in describing the monarch, his dominions have claimed no small share of my attention. I have given an exact account of the rise, regulation, and nature of the amusements of the city of Bath; how far Nash contributed to establish and refine them, and what pleasure a stranger may expect there upon his arrival. Such anecdotes as are at once true and worth preserving are produced in their order, and some stories are added which, though commonly known, more necessarily belong to this history than to the places whence they have been extracted. But it is needless to point out the pains that have been taken, or the entertainment that may be expected from the perusal of this performance. It is but an indifferent way to gain the reader's esteem to be my own panegyrist; nor is this preface so much designed to lead him to beauties, as to demand pardon for defects.

THE LIFE

OF

RICHARD NASH, Esq.,

LATE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES AT BATH.

FROM
HIS ORIGINAL PAPERS.

-Non ego paucis Offendar maculis.—Hor.

THE SECOND EDITION

London:

Printed for J. Newberry, in St. Paul's Churchyard; W. Frederick, at Bath; and G. Faulkener, in Dublin.

1762.

[8vo.]

Excerpts from the Life of Richard Mash, Esquire

by Oliver Goldsmith

"RICHARD NASH, Esq., the subject of this memoir, was born in the town of Swansea, in Glamorganshire, on the 18th of October, in the year 1674. I His father was a gentleman, whose principal income arose from a partnership in a glass-house; his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell for defending Pembroke Castle against the rebels. He was educated under Mr. Maddocks at Carmarthen School, and thence sent to Jesus College, Oxford, in order to prepare him for the study of the law."

"The first method Mr. Nash took to distinguish himself at college was not by application to study, but by his assiduity to intrigue. In the neighborhood of every univer-

"My father was a Welsh gentleman, my mother niece to Col. Poyer, who was murdered by Oliver for defending Pemroke. I was born October 18, 1674, in Swansea, Glamorganshire."—Goldsmith.

I This account of his birth and parentage is confirmed by the following memorandum, written by Mr. Nash himself, in a book belonging to Mr. Charles Morgan, at the coffee-house in Bath, whence it was transcribed by George Scott, Esq., to whom we are indebted for this and many other anecdotes respecting the life of Mr. Nash:

sity there are girls who, with some beauty, some coquetry, and little fortune, lie upon the watch for every raw youth more inclined to make love than study. Our hero was quickly caught, and went through all the mazes and adventures of a college intrigue before he was seventeen. He offered marriage; the offer was accepted, but the whole affair coming to the knowledge of his tutors, his happiness, or perhaps his future misery, was prevented, and he was sent home from college with necessary advice to him, and proper instructions to his father."

His university career thus cut short, he joined the army, which in turn he forsook for

I Since the publication of the first edition of this book notice has been taken in some of the newspapers of Mr. Nash's leaving the university without discharging a small debt which he owed to the college where he was placed, and which stands on their books to this day. This is a circumstance which we were informed of before the publication of our former edition; but as our business was to write the life of Mr. Nash, and not to settle his accounts, it seemed to us too immaterial to deserve any particular notice; besides had we paid any regard to this, we ought also to have taken some notice of another anecdote communicated to us, which was, that when he was sent from college he left behind him a pair of boots, two plays, a tobacco-box, and a fiddle, which had engaged more of his attention than either the public or private lectures. But as this, as well as the other, could afford neither entertainment nor edification, they were purposely omitted.— GOLDSMITH.

the law, entering the Middle temple, where, as a man about town, he became an intimate of the nobility; while here he was chosen to conduct some performances in honour of King William.

"In conducting this entertainment Nash had an opportunity of exhibiting all his abilities, and King William was so well satisfied with his performance that he made him an offer of knighthood. This, however, he thought proper to refuse, which in a person of his disposition seems strange. 'Please your Majesty,' replied he, when the offer was made him, 'if you intend to make me a knight, I wish it may be one of your Poor Knights of Windsor, and then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title.' Yet we do not find that the King took the hint of increasing his fortune; perhaps he could not; he had at that time numbers to oblige, and he never cared to give money without important services."

It is here, too, that the first instance of his extraordinary generosity is recorded:

"An instance of his humanity is told us in The Spectator, though his name is not mentioned. When he was to give in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, among other articles, he charged, 'for making one man happy, £ 10.' Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an item, he frankly declared

that, happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife and a large family of children, that £10 would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added that, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charge, he was ready to refund the money. The Masters, struck with such an uncommon instance of good-nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.1"

Nash's life was now one steady round of gayety and dissipation; he was thirty years old, without fortune, or useful talents to acquire one.

"At this time London was the only theatre

I "I remember to have heard a bencher of the Temple tell a story of a tradition in their house, where they had formerly a custom of choosing kings for such a season, and allowing him his expenses at the charge of the society. One of our friends, said my friend, carried his royal inclination a little too far, and there was a committee ordered to look into the management of his treasury. Among other things it appeared that his majesty, walking incog. in the Cloister, had overheard a poor man say to another, 'Such a small sum would make me the happiest man in the world.' The king, out of his royal compassion, privately inquired into his character; and finding him a proper object of charity, sent him the money. When the committee read the report, the house passed his accounts with a plaudite without farther examination, upon the recital of this article in them: 'For making a man happy, £10." "-STEELE, The Spectator, No. 248.

in England for pleasure or intrigue. A spirit of gaming had been introduced in the licentious age of Charles II., and had by this time thriven surprisingly. Yet all its devastations were confined to London alone. To this great mart of every folly, sharpers from every country daily arrived for the winter; but were obliged to leave the kingdom at the approach of summer, in order to open a new campaign at Aix, Spa, or the Hague. Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, and other places of the same kind here, were then frequented only by such as really went for relief: the pleasures they afforded were merely rural; the company splenetic, rustic, and vulgar. In this situation of things people of fashion had no agreeable summer retreat from the town, and usually spent that season amidst a solitude of country squires, parsons' wives, and visiting tenants or farmers; they wanted some place where they might have each other's company, and win each other's money, as they had done during the winter in town.

* * *

"Probably upon this principle, and by the arrival of Queen Anne there, for her health, about the year 1703, the city of Bath became

I "Queen Anne visited Bath in 1702, and was received with every mark of honor and distinction. One hundred young men of the city, uniformly clad and armed, and two hundred of its female inhabitants, dressed

in some measure frequented by people of distinction. The company was numerous enough to form a country-dance upon the bowling green; they were amused with a fiddle and hautboy, and diverted with the romantic walks round the city. They usually sauntered in fine weather in the grove, between two rows of sycamore-trees. Several learned physicians, Dr. Jorden and others, had even then praised the salubrity of the wells, and the amusements were put under a master of ceremonies."

It would seem that Bath was hardly in a condition to receive royalty and its retinue.

"The city was in itself mean and contemptible: no elegant buildings, no open streets, nor uniform squares. The pump-house was without any director; the chairman permitted no gentlemen or ladies to walk home by night without insulting them; and, to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of the waters. It was from

after the manner of Amazons, met her Majesty and her train on the borders of Somersetshire, and accompanied them to the western gate of the city. A prodigious inconvenience, however, was occasioned by this distinguished favor to those who visited Bath for the sake of its waters; for such a tribe of idlers crowded to it in the retinue of the Queen, and in consequence of the novelty of her visit, that the articles of life experienced a rise of one hundred per cent., and a guinea a night was paid for many a bed."—WARNER, 'History of Bath,' p. 209.

a resentment of some affronts he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which he said 'he would cast a toad into the spring.'"

In this situation of things, Nash arrived, and with ready wit counteracted the venom of the toad by the institution of a band. The company sensibly increased, Nash triumphed, and was decreed by every rank the sovereign of the city. At last he had found his métier.

"We are now to behold this gentleman as arrived at a new dignity, for which Nature seemed to have formed him; we are to see him directing pleasures which none had better learned to share; placed over rebellious and refractory subjects, that were to be ruled only by the force of his address, and governing such as had been long accustomed to govern others."

Under his rule the city soon assumed a far more pleasing aspect, and the stranger's arrival is thus recorded:

"No city, dear mother, this city excels

In charming sweet sounds both of fiddles and bells.

I thought, like a fool, that they only would ring

For a wedding, or judge, or the birth of a

But I found 'twas for me that the good-natur'd people

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Rung so hard, that I thought they would pull down the steeple;

So I took out my purse, as I hate to be shabby,

And paid all the men when they came from the Abbey.

Yet some think it strange they should make such a riot,

In a place where sick folk would be glad to be quiet:

If a broker or statesman, a gamester or peer, A nat'raliz'd Jew or a bishop comes here;

Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire Just to think of the bus'ness the state may require,

With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums,

They'll strive to divert him as soon as he comes:

'Tis amazing they find such a number of ways
Of employing his thoughts all the time that
he stays!"

Anstey, New Bath Guide, 1766 (Letter V.)

The King, The Queen, The Hot, The Cross, The Leper,—the five principal baths, were regulated, a Pump-Room, a Theatre, and Assembly-Houses were erected, all under Nash's direction, so that Bath yielded one continued rotation of diversion, satisfying that large range of taste whose extremes lie

between the libertine and the Methodist. Sure of his throne, Nash now began to affect something particular in his dress, behaviour and conversation.

"His equipage was sumptuous, and he usually travelled to Tunbridge in a post-chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, French-horns, and every other appendage of expensive parade. He always wore a white hat; and, to apologize for this singularity, said he did it purely to secure it from being stolen; his dress was tawdry, though perfectly genteel; he might be considered as a beau of several generations, and in his appearance he, in some measure, mixed the fashions of the last age with those of the present. He perfectly understood elegant expense, and generally passed his time in the very best company, if persons of the first distinction deserve that title."

The finances to support all this finery were derived from gaming; it is in connection with this that we see the most interesting and varied views of his character, for his nature was diametrically opposed to his profession. "A thousand instances might be given of his

"A thousand instances might be given of his integrity, even in this infamous profession, where his generosity often impelled him to act in contradiction to his interest. Wherever he found a novice in the hands of a sharper, he generally forewarned him of the

danger; whenever he found any inclined to play, yet ignorant of the game, he would offer his services, and play for them. I remember an instance to this effect, though too nearly concerned in the affair to publish the gentleman's name of whom it is related. In the year 1725 there came to Bath a giddy youth, who had just resigned his fellowship at Oxford. He brought his whole fortune with him there; it was but a trifle; however, he was resolved to venture it all. Good-fortune seemed kinder than could be expected. Without the smallest skill in play he won a sum sufficient to make any unambitious man happy. His desire of gain increasing with his gains, in the October following he was at all, and added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Mr. Nash, one night, after losing a considerable sum to this undeserving son of fortune, invited him to supper. 'Sir,' cried this honest though veteran gamester, 'perhaps you may imagine I have invited you in order to have my revenge at home, but I scorn so inhospitable an action. I desired the favor of your company to give you some advice, which, you will pardon me, sir, you seem to stand in need of. You are now high in spirits, and drawn away by a torrent of success; but there will come a time when you will repent having left the calm of a college life for the turbu-lent profession of a gamester. Ill runs will

come, as sure as day and night succeed each other. Be therefore advised—remain content with your present gains; for be persuaded that had you the Bank of England, with your present ignorance of gaming, it would vanish like a fairy dream. You are a stranger to me, but to convince you of the part I take in your welfare, I'll give you fifty guineas, to forfeit twenty every time you lose two hundred at one sitting.' The young gentleman refused his offer, and was at last undone!"

Here is another instance showing his ability to read a lesson:

"When the late Earl of T——d was a youth he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Mr. Nash for antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's foible, and undertook to cure him, though by a very disagreeable remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship, in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too; and as he approached the gulf seemed still more eager for ruin. He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But, when our generous gamester had found his lordship sufficiently punished for his temerity, he returned all, only stipulating that he should be

paid five thousand pounds whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made any such demand during his lordship's life; but some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, who honorably paid it without any hesitation."

In this age a man when he was not deep in gaming was deep in gallantry, and Nash was in complete harmony with his time.

"Nature had by no means formed Mr. Nash for a beau garçon; his person was clumsy, too large and awkward, and his features harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet, even with those disadvantages, he made love, became a universal admirer of the sex, and was universally admired. He was possessed, at least, of some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed."

But he soon relinquished this, evidently not his forte, for a more honourable estate.

"Mr. Nash did not long continue a universal gallant; but in the earlier years of his reign entirely gave up his endeavors to deceive the sex, in order to become the honest protector of their innocence, the guardian of their reputation, and a friend to their virtue. This was a character he bore for many years, and supported it with integrity, assiduity, and success.

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It was his constant practice to do everything in his power to prevent the fatal consequences of rash and inconsiderate love; and there are many persons now alive who owe their present happiness to his having interrupted the progress of an amour that threatened to become unhappy, or even criminal, by privately making their guardians or parents acquainted with what he could discover. I"

He evinced a like interest in the welfare of the sick; by his bounty a hospital was established in Bath, and on this benevolent side of his character Goldsmith deservedly expati-

ates:

"I am unwilling to leave this subject of his benevolence, because it is a virtue in his character which must stand almost single against an hundred follies; and it deserves the more to be insisted on, because it was large enough to outweigh them all. A man may be a hypocrite safely in every other instance but in

I "The gods, their peculiar favor to show,
Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau: . . .
Long reign'd the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
Respected by youth, and by parents adored;
For him not enough at a ball to preside,
The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide;
Oft tell her a tale how the credulous maid
By man, by perfidious man, is betray'd;
Taught charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
While tears have his tender compassion exprest."

Anstey, [Letter XI].

that neither my name nor the sum shall be mentioned."

Space precludes the quotation of but a few of Nash's bon mots.

"Nash, though no great wit, had the art of sometimes saying rude things with decency, and rendering them pleasing by an uncommon turn. But most of the good things attributed to him, which have found their way into the jest-books, are no better than puns. The smartest things I have seen are against him. One day in the Grove he joined some ladies, and asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came, she replied, 'Straight from London.' 'Confound me, madam,' said he, 'then you must have been damnably warped by the way.'

"She soon, however, had ample revenge. Sitting the following evening in one of the rooms, he once more joined her company, and with a sneer and bow asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell the name of Tobit's dog? 'His name, sir, was Nash,' replied the lady, 'and an impudent dog he was.' This story is told in a celebrated romance; I only repeat it here to have an opportunity of observing that it actually happened.

"Queen Anne once asked him why he would

not accept of knighthood? To which he replied, lest Sir William Read, the mountebank, who had been just knighted, should call him brother.

"A house in Bath was said to behaunted by the devil, and a great noise was made about it, when Nash, going to the minister of St. Michael's, entreated him to drive the devil out of Bath forever, if it were only to oblige the ladies.

"Nash used sometimes to visit the great Doctor Clark. The doctor was one day conversing with Locke and two or three more of his learned and intimate companions, with that freedom, gayety, and cheerfulness which is ever the result of innocence. In the midst of their mirth and laughter, the doctor, looking from the window, saw Nash's chariot stop at the door. 'Boys, boys,' cried the philosopher to his friends, 'let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming.'

"Nash was one day complaining in the following manner to the Earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play: 'Would you think it, my lord, that damned bitch Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred? Is it not surprising,' continued he, 'that my luck should never turn—that I

¹ Boswell relates the same anecdote in his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds of his "Life of Johnson."

Sír Galabad

William Morris was a noted socialist and craftsman. He was also a writer of some quaint and curious pieces of enduring literature. Many of his themes were taken from Sir Thomas Malory, and among the most interesting of these is "Sir Galahad or a Christmas Mystery." This was one of the first books to be printed at the now famous Kelmscott Press. It portrays the vision of Sir Galahad on Christmas eve, a year before he attained the Holy Grail: Of all the Knights of King Arthur's Court, he alone was worthy. A photogravure reproduction has been made of Hinton's beautiful oil painting illustrating the vision, and is used as a frontispiece to The Blue Sky Press hand-lettered edition of Sir Galahad. Only a limited number have been printed, and these are offered for sale at \$2.50, on Van Gelder paper and \$5.00 on Japan vellum. A copy will be sent anywhere on approval. Address, The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago.

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"Was Oscar Wilde a Genius?

The above can be answered only in the affirmative, tho' this same genius may, to a slight extent, have been perverted. Nevertheless, it is by no means remarkable that his literary efforts should command the respect of the litterateur and his books be sought for by collectors with unusual avidity. Probably the most remarkable collection of Wilde literature in the United States, at the present writing, is that offered for sale by THE BURROWS BROTHERS COMPANY OF CLEVELAND. Here may be found suppressed copies of "Salome," that wonderful production soon to be dramatized, also the "De Profundis," both the first English and German editions, "The Harlot's House," with Althea Gyles' thrilling illustrations, "What Never Dies," the "Poems" and many others which space forbids us to mention. Fortunately there is to be had, for the asking, a well printed list of Wilde's writings, by addressing the Rare Book Department of the firm above mentioned.

Regarding books of American history and . . . "

The New Helen and Other Werses by Oscar Wilde

NOTE

Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde [1856-1900] was the son of Sir William, an eminent surgeon, and Lady Wilde; his mother, whose pseudonym was Speranza, was a writer of verse of no mean merit, and of somewhat revolutionary nationalistic prose, one piece of which, published in the Nation, caused the suppression of that journal. Oscar Wilde was educated at Oxford, graduating from Magdalen College in 1878, with a name already earned for unusual rhetorical and rhythmical gifts, being the winner of the Newdigate prize for English verse.

From college he proceeded to London, devoting himself to poetry and general literary work, and his first volume of verse was here issued in 1881. From this time forth he became exclusively identified with the esthetic-culture movement, with a few side excursions into the realms of fiction and the drama. In the former line his greatest achievement is "The Picture of Dorian Grey;" his best plays were Salome, Lady Windermere's Fan, and The Importance of Being Earnest; they were marked by unusual brilliancy of dialogue and perfection of handling, rather than by any great distinction of construction or dramatic power. His Guido Ferranti, a tragedy, and the volume of essays styled Intentions, appeared, as did the bulk of his work, from 1890 to 1895.

Then came his fall, his trial and imprisonment, matters over which there is slight occasion to linger; suffice it to say that they redeemed for an hour his mind and heart, and that in that hour was written the thing whereon his fame will utterly rest, the unparalleled "Ballad of Reading Gaol." He appears through this poem in a sublimated

degree all and more than he ever hoped to attain, as noted in his autobiographic sonnet:

To drift with every passion, till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?—
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.

Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God!
Is that time dead? Lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

The "Ballad," however, is not typical of the bulk of his verse. This was written principally during the eighties, and published in several volumes, whose names are of no moment since their collection and re-publication in 1903.

The chief characteristic of most of this verse, where it may be said to possess one, is a general feeling for and appreciation of harmony. The critic will find few or no new notes or rhythms, indeed there is much in this early verse which may be said to have a "reminiscent" touch, of several hands, though it is fairly free from direct imitation of any of the models he knew so well. His verse, indeed, [always excepting the Ballad] never achieved the distinctive tang of his prose, and its only claim to individuality lies in a certain exotic quality of sensuousness.

His themes are almost altogether classic, save for the fragments which he terms Harmonies, or Impressions; these last are possessed of considerable delicacy, and have

even somewhat of the quality of a Whistler study. It is not difficult to find in some of them, such as the Impression du Matin, printed herein, premonitions of the form and mould of phrase which Mr. Arthur Symons has since expanded to fill several volumes of verse.

Most of the better of his early verse is too long for reproduction here. The attempt in this collection has been to give excerpts as characteristic as may be, of his work prior to his chef d'œuvre. They are the utterances of his younger and frailer self; but while they may not "live forever," they are none the less imbued with a feeling for beauty of which this age has none too much.

ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE.

THE NEW HELEN.

Where hast thou been since round the walls of Troy

The sons of God fought in that great emprise? Why dost thou walk our common earth again? Hast thou forgotten that impassioned boy, His purple galley, and his Tyrian men, And treacherous Aphrodite's mocking eyes? For surely it was thou, who, like a star, Hung in the silver silence of the night, Didst lure the Old World's chivalry and might

Into the clamorous crimson waves of war!

Or didst thou rule the fire-laden moon?
In amorous Sidon was thy temple built
Over the light and laughter of the sea?
Where, behind lattice scarlet-wrought and
gilt,

Some brown-limbed girl did weave thee tapestry

All through the waste and wearied hours of noon;

Till her wan cheek with flame of passion burned

And she rose up the sea-washed lips to kiss Of some glad Cyprian sailor, safe-returned From Calpe or the cliffs of Herakles!

No! thou art Helen, and none other one!

It was for thee that young Sarpedôn died,
And Memnon's manhood was untimely spent;
It was for thee gold-crested Hector tried
With Thetis' child that evil race to run
In the last year of thy beleaguerment;
Ay, even now the glory of thy fame
Burns in those fields of trampled asphodel,
Where the high lords whom Ilion knew so
well

Clash ghostly shields and call upon thy name.

Where hast thou been? In that enchanted land

Whose slumbering vales forlorn Calypso knew,

Where never mower rose to greet the day, But all unswathed the trammeling grasses grew,

And the sad shepherd saw the tall corn stand Till summer's red had changed to withered gray?

Didst thou lie there by some Lethean stream Deep brooding on thine ancient memory, The crash of broken spears, the fiery gleam From shivered helm, the Grecian battle-cry?

Nay, thou wert hidden in that hollow hill With one who is forgotten utterly, That discrowned Queen men call the Erycine; Hidden away that never mightst thou see The face of Her, before whose mouldering shrine

Today at Rome the silent nations kneel; Who gat from Love no joyous gladdening, But only Love's intolerable pain, Only a sword to pierce her heart in twain, Only the bitterness of child-bearing.

The lotus-leaves which heal the wounds of Death

Lie in thy hand; O, be thou kind to me,
While yet I know the summer of my days;
For hardly can my tremulous lips draw breath
To fill the silver trumpet with thy praise,
So bowed am I before thy mystery;
So bowed and broken on Love's terrible wheel
That I have lost all hope or heart to sing,
Yet care I not what ruin time may bring
If in thy temple thou wilt let me kneel.

Alas, alas, thou wilt not tarry here,
But like that bird, the servant of the sun,
Who flies before the northwind and the night,
So wilt thou fly our evil land and drear
Back to the tower of thine old delight,
And the red lips of young Euphorion;
Nor shall I ever see thy face again,
But in this poisonous garden must I stay
Crowning my brows with the thorn-crown of
pain,

Till all my loveless life shall pass away.

O Helen! Helen! Helen! yet awhile;
Yet for a little while, O tarry here,
Till the dawn cometh and the shadows flee!
For in the gladsome sunlight of thy smile
Of heaven or hell I have no thought or fear,
Seeing I know no other god but thee:
No other god save him, before whose feet
In nets of gold the tired planets move,
The incarnate spirit of spiritual love
Who in thy body holds his joyous seat.

Thou wert not born as common women are!
But, girt with silver splendor of the foam,
Didst from the depths of sapphire seas arise!
And at thy coming some immortal star,
Bearded with flame, blazed in the eastern skies,

And waked the shepherds on thine island home.

Thou shalt not die: no asps of Egypt creep Close at thy heels to taint the delicate air; No sullen-blooming poppies stain thy hair, Those scarlet heralds of eternal sleep.

Lily of love, pure and inviolate!
Tower of ivory! red rose of fire!
Thou hast come down our darkness to illume:
For we, close-caught in the wide nets of Fate,
Wearied with waiting for the World's Desire,
Aimlessly wandered in a house of gloom,
Aimlessly sought some slumberous anodyne

For wasted lives, for lingering wretchedness, Till we beheld thy re-arisen shrine, And the white glory of thy loveliness.

THE GARDEN OF EROS.

It is full summer now, the heart of June,
Not yet the sun-burnt reapers are a-stir
Upon the upland meadow where too soon
Rich autumn time, the season's usurer,
Will lend his hoarded gold to all the trees,
And see his treasure scattered by the wild and
spendthrift breeze.

Too soon indeed! yet here the daffodil, That love-child of the Spring, has lingered on

To vex the rose with jealousy, and still
The harebell spreads her azure pavilion,
And like a strayed and wandering reveler
Abandoned of its brothers, whom long since
June's messenger

The missel-thrush has frighted from the glade,

One pale narcissus loiters fearfully
Close to a shadowy nook, where half afraid
Of their own loveliness some violets lie
That will not look the gold sun in the face
For fear of too much splendor,—ah! methicks
it is a place

Which should be trodden by Persephone
When wearied of the flowerless fields of Dis!
Or danced on by the lads of Arcady!
The hidden secret of eternal bliss
Known to the Grecian here a man might find,
Ah! you and I may find it now if Love and
Sleep be kind.

There are the flowers which mourning Herakles

Strewed on the tomb of Hylas, columbine, Its white doves all a-flutter where the breeze Kissed them too harshly, the small celandine,

That yellow-kirtled chorister of eve, And lilac lady's-smock,—but let them bloom alone, and leave

Yon spired holly-hock red-crocketed

To sway its silent chimes, else must the
bee,

Its little bell-ringer, go seek instead
Some other pleasaunce; the anemone
That weeps at daybreak, like a silly girl
Before her love, and hardly lets the butterflies
unfurl

Their painted wings beside it,—bid it pine
In pale virginity; the winter snow
Will suit it better than those lips of thine
Whose fires would but scorch it, rather go

And pluck that amorous flower which blooms alone,

Fed by the pander wind with dust of kisses not its own.

The trumpet-mouths of red convolvulus
So dear to maidens, creamy meadow-sweet
Whiter than Juno's throat and odorous
As all Arabia, hyacinths the feet
Of Huntress Dian would be loath to mar
For any dappled fawn,—pluck these, and
those fond flowers which are

Fairer than what Queen Venus trod upon Beneath the pines of Ida, eucharis, That morning star which does not dread the sun,

And budding marjoram which but to kiss Would sweeten Cytheræa's lips and make Adonis jealous,—these for thy head,—and for thy girdle take

Yon curving spray of purple clematis
Whose gorgeous dye outflames the Tyrian
King,

And fox-gloves with their nodding chalices, But that one narciss which the startled Spring

Let from her kirtle fall when first she heard In her own woods the wild tempestuous song of summer's bird, Ah! leave it for a subtle memory

Of those sweet tremulous days of rain and sun,

When April laughed between her tears to see
The early primrose with shy footsteps run
From the gnarled oak-tree roots till all the
wold,

Spite of its brown and trampled leaves, grew bright with shimmering gold.

Nay, pluck it too, it is not half so sweet
As thou thyself, my soul's idolatry!
And when thou art a-wearied at thy feet
Shall oxlips weave their brightest tapestry,
For thee the woodbine shall forget its pride
And veil its tangled whorls, and thou shalt
walk on daisies pied.

And I will cut a reed by yonder spring
And make the wood-gods jealous, and old
Pan

Wonder what young intruder dares to sing
In these still haunts, where never foot of
man

Should tread at evening, lest he chance to spy The marble limbs of Artemis and all her company.

And I will tell thee why the jacinth wears
Such dread embroidery of dolorous moan,
And why the hapless nightingale forbears

To sing her song at noon, but weeps alone When the fleet swallow sleeps, and rich men feast,

And why the laurel trembles when she sees the lightening east.

And I will sing how sad Proserpina
Unto a grave and gloomy Lord was wed,
And lure the silver-breasted Helena
Back from the lotus meadows of the dead,
So shalt thou see that awful loveliness
For which two mighty Hosts met fearfully
in war's abyss!

And then I'll pipe to thee that Grecian tale
How Cynthia loves the lad Endymion,
And hidden in a gray and misty veil
Hies to the cliffs of Latmos once the Sun
Leaps from his ocean bed in fruitless chase
Of those pale flying feet which fade away in
his embrace.

And if my flute can breathe sweet melody,
We may behold Her face who long ago
Dwelt among men by the Ægean sea,

And whose sad house with pillaged portico And friezeless wall and columns toppled down Looms o'er the ruins of that fair and violetcinctured town. Spirit of beauty! tarry still a-while,

They are not dead, thine ancient votaries,

Some few there are to whom thy radiant smile

Is better than a thousand victories,

Though all the nobly slain of Waterloo

Rise up in wrath against them! tarry still,

there are a few,

Who for thy sake would give their manlihood And consecrate their being, I at least Have done so, made thy lips my daily food, And in thy temples found a goodlier feast Than this starved age can give me, spite of all Its new-found creeds so skeptical and so dogmatical.

Here not Cephissos, not Ilissos flows,
The woods of white Colonos are not here,
On our bleak hills the olive never blows,
No simple priest conducts his lowing steer
Up the steep marble way, 'nor through the
town

Do laughing maidens bear to thee the crocusflowered gown.

Yet tarry! for the boy who loved thee best,
Whose very name should be a memory
To make thee linger, sleeps in silent rest
Beneath the Roman walls, and melody
Still mourns her sweetest lyre, none can play
The lute of Adonais, with his lips Song passed
away.

Nay, when Keats died the Muses still had left

One silver voice to sing his threnody,
But ah! too soon of it we were bereft
When on that riven night and stormy sea
Panthea claimed her singer as her own,
And slew the mouth that praised her; since
which time we walk alone,

Save for that fiery heart, that morning star Of re-arisen England, whose clear eye Saw from our tottering throne and waste of war

The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy

Rise mightily like Hesperus and bring
The great Republic! him at least thy love hath
taught to sing,

And he hath been with thee at Thessaly, And seen white Atalanta fleet of foot In passionless and fierce virginity

Hunting the tusked boar, his honeyed lute Hath pierced the cavern of the hollow hill, And Venus laughs to know one knee will bow before her still.

And he hath kissed the lips of Proserpine, And sung the Galilæan's requiem, That wounded forehead dashed with blood and wine

He hath discrowned, the Ancient Gods in

Have found their last, most ardent worshiper,

And the new Sign grows gray and dim before its conqueror.

Spirit of Beauty! tarry with us still,
It is not quenched, the torch of poesy,
The star that shook above the Eastern hill
Holds unassailed its argent armory
From all the gathering gloom and fretful
fight—

O tarry with us still! for through the long and common night,

Morris, our sweet and simple Chaucer's child,
Dear heritor of Spenser's tuneful reed,
With soft and sylvan pipe has oft beguiled
The weary soul of man in troublous need,
And from the far and flowerless fields of ice
Hath brought fair flowers meet to make an
earthly paradise.

We know them all, Gudrun the strong men's bride,

Aslaug and Olatson, we know them all, How giant Grettir fought and Sigurd died, And what enchantment held the king in thrall

When lonely Brynhild wrestled with the powers

That war against all passion, ah! how oft through summer hours,

Long listless summer hours when the noon Being enamored of a damask rose

Forgets to journey westward, till the moon The pale usurper of its tribute grows

From a thin sickle to a silver shield

And chides its loitering car—how oft, in some cool grassy field

Far from the cricket-ground and noisy eight At Bagley, where the rustling bluebells come

Almost before the blackbird finds a mate And overstay the swallow, and the hum Of many murmuring bees flits through the

leaves,

Have I lain poring on the dreamy tales his fancy weaves,

And through their unreal woes and mimic pain

Wept for myself, and so was purified, And in their simple mirth grew glad again;

For as I sailed upon that pictured tide
The strength and splendor of the storm was
mine

Without the storm's red ruin, for the singer is divine,

The little laugh of water falling down Is not so musical, the clammy gold Close hoarded in the tiny waxen town Has less of sweetness in it, and the old, Half-withered reeds that waved in Arcady Touched by his lips break forth again to fresher harmony.

Spirit of Beauty tarry yet a-while!

Although the cheating merchants of the mart

With iron roads profane our lovely isle,
And break on whirling wheels the limbs of
Art,

Ay! though the crowded factories beget
The blind-worm Ignorance that slays the
soul, O tarry yet!

For One at least there is,—He bears his name From Dante and the seraph Gabriel,— Whose double laurels burn with deathless flame

To light thine altar; He too loves thee well Who saw old Merlin lured in Vivien's snare, And the white feet of angels coming down the golden stair,

Loves thee so well, that all the World for him A gorgeous-colored vestiture must wear, And Sorrow take a purple diadem,

Or else be no more Sorrow, and Despair Gild its own thorns, and Pain, like Adon, be Even in anguish beautiful;—such is the empery Which Painters hold, and such the heritage
This gentle solemn Spirit doth possess,

Being a better mirror of his age

In all his pity, love, and weariness,
Than those who can but copy common things,
And leave the Soul unpainted with its mighty
questionings.

But they are few, and all romance has flown,
And men can prophesy about the sun,
And lecture on his arrows—how, alone,
Through a waste void the soulless atoms
run,

How from each tree its weeping nymph has

And that no more 'mid English reeds a Naiad shows her head.

Methinks these new Actæons boast too soon
That they have spied on beauty; what if we
Have analyzed the rainbow, robbed the moon
Of her most ancient, chastest mystery,
Shall I, the last Endymion, lose all hope
Because rude eyes peer at my mistress through
a telescope!

What profit if this scientific age
Burst through our gates with all its retinue
Of modern miracles! Can it assuage

One lover's breaking heart? what can it do To make one life more beautiful, one day More god-like in its period? but now the Age of Clay

Returns in horrid cycle, and the earth
Hath borne again a noisy progeny
Of ignorant Titans, whose ungodly birth
Hurls them against the august hierarchy
Which sat upon Olympus, to the Dust
They have appealed, and to that barren arbiter
they must

Repair for judgment; let them, if they can, From Natural Warfare and insensate Chance,

Create the new Ideal rule for man!
Methinks that was not my inheritance;
For I was nurtured otherwise, my soul
Passes from higher heights of life to a more
supreme goal.

Lo! while we spake the earth did turn away
Her visage from the God, and Hecate's
boat

Rose silver-laden, till the jealous day
Blew all its torches out: I did not note
The waning hours, to young Endymions
Time's palsied fingers count in vain his rosary
of suns!—

Mark how the yellow iris wearily

Leans back its throat, as though it would be

kissed

By its false chamberer, the dragon-fly, Who, like a blue vein on a girl's white wrist, Sleeps on that snowy primrose of the night, Which 'gins to flush with crimson shame, and die beneath the light.

Come let us go, against the pallid shield Of the wan sky the almond blossoms gleam,

The corn-crake nested in the unmown field
Answers its mate, across the misty stream
On fitful wing the startled curlews fly,
And in his sedgy bed the lark, for joy that
Day is nigh,

Scatters the pearled dew from off the grass,
In tremulous ecstasy to greet the sun,
Who soon in gilded panoply will pass
Forth from yon orange-curtained pavilion
Hung in the burning east, see, the red rim
O'ertops the expectant hills! it is the God!
for love of him

Already the shrill lark is out of sight,
Flooding with waves of song this silent
dell,—

Ah! there is something more in that bird's flight

Than could be tested in a crucible!—
But the air freshens, let us go,—why soon
The woodmen will be here; how we have
lived this night of June!

SONNET TO LIBERTY.

Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes See nothing but their own unlovely woe, Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know;—

But that the roar of thy Democracies,
Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea,
And give my rage a brother—! Liberty!
For this sake only do thy dissonant cries
Delight my discreet soul, else might all kings
By bloody knout or treacherous cannonades
Rob nations of their rights inviolate
And I remain unmoved,—and yet, and yet,
These Christs that die upon the barricades,
God knows it I am with them, in some
things!

THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

Rid of the world's injustice, and his pain,
He rests at last beneath God's veil of blue:
Taken from life when life and love were new
The youngest of the martyrs here is lain,
Fair as Sebastian, and as early slain.
No cypress shades his grave, no funeral yew,
But gentle violets weeping with the dew
Weave on his bones an ever-blossoming chain.
O proudest heart that broke for misery!
O sweetest lips since those of Mitylene!

O poet-painter of our English Land! Thy name was writ in water,—it shall stand! And tears like mine will keep thy memory green

As Isabella did her Basil-tree.

IMPRESSION DU MATIN.

The Thames nocturne of blue and gold Changed to a Harmony in gray: A barge with ochre-colored hay Dropt from the wharf: and chill and cold

The yellow fog came creeping down The bridges, till the houses' walls Seemed changed to shadows, and St. Paul's Loomed like a bubble o'er the town.

Then suddenly arose the clang Of waking life; the streets were stirred With country wagons; and a bird Flew to the glistening roofs and sang.

But one pale woman all alone, The daylight kissing her wan hair, Loitered beneath the gas-lamps' flare, With lips of flame and heart of stone.

THEOCRITUS (A Villanelle).

O Singer of Persephone! In the dim meadows desolate Dost thou remember Sicily? Still through the ivy flits the bee Where Amaryllis lies in state; O Singer of Persephone!

Simætha calls on Hecate And hears the wild dogs at the gate; Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate: O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate:
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee, For thee the jocund shepherds wait, O Singer of Persephone! Dost thou remember Sicily?

REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near Under the snow, Speak gently, she can hear The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair Tarnished with rust, She that was young and fair Fallen to dust.

- For the crimson flower of our life is eaten by the canker-worm of truth,
- And no hand can gather up the fallen withered petals of the rose of youth.
- Yet I am not sorry that I loved you—ah! what else had I a boy to do,—
- For the hungry teeth of Time devour, and the silent-footed years pursue.
- Rudderless, we drift athwart a tempest, and when once the storm of youth is past,
- Without lyre, without lute or chorus, Death a silent pilot comes at last.
- And within the grave there is no pleasure, for the blind-worm battens on the root,
- And Desire shudders into ashes, and the tree of Passion bears no fruit.
- Ah! what else had I to do but love you, God's own mother was less dear to me,
- And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an argent lily from the sea.
- I have made my choice, have lived my poems, and, though youth is gone in wasted days,
- I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better than the poet's crown of bays.

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Sir Galakad

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THE PAGEANT

A Magazine of Belles-Lettres & The Blue Sky & Press & Chicago

In this number:

A Last Confession, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

For November:

Poems by John Donne, with introductory lines by Isaac Walton.

Vol. 1, No. 5 The Pageant Oct. 1, 1905

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¶In the July issue the publishers announced that the subscription price of the Pageant would be advanced.

¶Please note that the first volume will end with this issue for December, 1905, and that beginning with the new volume January 1, 1906, the subscription price will be

\$1.00 per year

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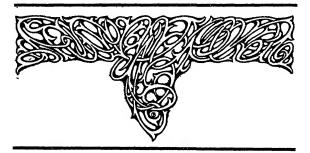
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A LAST CONFESSION.

(Reno Lombardo Veneto-1848).

Our Lombard country-girls along the coast Wear daggers in their garters: for they know That they might hate another girl to death Or meet a German lover. Such a knife I bought her, with a hilt of horn and pearl.

Father, you cannot know of all my thoughts
That day in going to meet her,—that last day
For the last time, she said;—of all the love
And all the hopeless hope that she might change
And go back with me. Ah! and everywhere,
At places we both knew along the road,
Some fresh shape of herself as once she was
Grew present at my side; until it seemed—
So close they gathered round me—they would all
Be with me when I reached the spot at last,
To plead my cause with her against herself
So changed. O Father, if you knew all this
You cannot know, then you would know too Father.
And only then, if God can pardon me.
What can be told I'll tell, if you will hear.

I passed a village-fair upon my road, And thought, being empty-handed, I would take Some little present: such might prove, I said, Either a pledge between us, or (God help me!) A parting gift. And there it was I bought The knife I spoke of, such as women wear.

That day, some three hours afterwards, I found For certain it must be a parting gift.

And, standing silent now at last, I looked Into her scornful face; and heard the sea Still trying hard to din into my ears Some speech it knew which still might change her heart, If only it could make me understand. One moment thus. Another, and her face Seemed further off than the last line of sea, So that I thought, if now she were to speak I could not hear her. Then again I knew All, as we stood together on the sand At Iglio, in the first thin shade o' the hills.

"Take it," I said, and held it out to her, While the hilt glanced within my trembling hold; "Take it and keep it for my sake," I said. Her neck unbent not, neither did her eyes Move, nor her foot left beating of the sand; Only she put it by from her and laughed.

Father, you hear my speech and not her laugh; But God heard that. Will God remember all?

It was another laugh than the sweet sound Which rose from her sweet childish heart, that day Eleven years before, when first I found her Alone upon the hill-side; and her curls Shook down in the warm grass as she looked up Out of her curls in my eyes bent to hers. She might have served a painter to portray That heavenly child which in the latter days Shall walk between the lion and the lamb. I had been for nights in hiding, worn and sick And hardly fed; and so her words at first Seemed fitful like the talking of the trees And voices in the air that knew my name.

And I remember that I sat me down Upon the slope with her, and thought the world Must be all over or had never been, We seemed there so alone. And soon she told me Her parents both were gone away from her. I thought perhaps she meant that they had died; But when I asked her this, she looked again Into my face and said that yestereve They kissed her long, and wept and made her weep, And gave her all the bread they had with them, And then had gone together up the hill Where we were sitting now, and had walked on Into the great red light; "and so," she said, "I have come up here too; and when this evening They step out of the light as they stepped in, I shall be here to kiss them." And she laughed.

Then I bethought me suddenly of the famine; And how the church-steps throughout all the town, When last I had been there a month ago, Swarmed with starved folk; and how the bread was weighed

By Austrians armed; and women that I knew
For wives and mothers walked the public street,
Saying aloud that if their husbands feared
To snatch the children's food, themselves would stay
Till they had earned it there. So then this child
Was piteous to me; for all told me then
Her parents must have left her to God's chance,
To man's or to the Church's charity,
Because of the great famine, rather than
To watch her growing thin between their knees.
With that, God took my mother's voice and spoke,
And sights and sounds came back and things long since,

And all my childhood found me on the hills; And so I took her with me.

I was young,
Scarce man then, Father: but the cause which gave
The wounds I die of now had brought me then
Some wounds already; and I lived alone,
As any hiding hunted man must live.
It was no easy thing to keep a child
In safety; for herself it was not safe,
And doubled my own danger: but I knew
That God would help me.

Yet a little while Pardon me, Father, if I pause. I think I have been speaking to you of some matters There was no need to speak of, have I not? You do not know how clearly those things stood Within my mind, which I have spoken of, Nor how they strove for utterance. Life all past Is like the sky when the sun sets in it, Clearest where furtherest off.

I told you how
She scorned my parting gift and laughed. And yet
A woman's laugh's another thing sometimes:
I think they laugh in Heaven. I know last night
I dreamed I saw into the garden of God,
Where women walked whose painted images
I have seen with candles round them in the church.
They bent this way and that, one to another,
Playing: and over the long golden hair
Of each there floated like a ring of fire, which
When she stooped, stooped with her, and when she rose
Rose with her. Then a breeze flew in among them
As if a window had been opened in heaven

For God to give His blessing from, before
This world of ours should set; (for in my dream
I thought our world was setting, and the sun
Flared, a spent taper;) and beneath that gust
The rings of light quivered like forest-leaves.
Then all the blessed maidens who were there
Stood up together, as it were a voice
That called them; and they threw their tresses back,
And smote their palms, and all laughed up at once,
For the strong heavenly joy they had in them
To hear God bless the world. Wherewith I woke:
And looking round, I saw as usual
That she was standing there with her long locks
Pressed to her side; and her laugh ended theirs.

For always when I see her now, she laughs. And yet her childish laughter haunts me too, The life of this dead terror; as in days When she, a child, dwelt with me. I must tell Something of those days yet before the end.

I brought her from the city—one such day
When she was still a merry loving child,—
The earliest gift I mind my giving her;
A little image of a flying Love
Made of our colored glass-ware, in his hands
A dart of gilded metal and a torch.
And him she kissed and me, and fain would know
Why were his poor eyes blindfold, why the wings
And why the arrow. What I knew I told
Of Venus and of Cupid,—strange old tales.
And when she heard that he could rule the loves
Of men and women, still she shook her head
And wondered; and, "Nay, nay," she murmured still,

Was when his thrift forbade the poor to take That evil brackish salt which the dry rocks Keep all through winter when the sea draws in, The first I heard of it was a chance shot In the street here and there, and on the stones A stumbling clatter as of horse hemmed round. Then, when she saw me hurry out of doors, My gun slung at my shoulder and my knife Stuck in my girdle, she smoothed down my hair And laughed to see me look so brave, and leaped Up to my neck and kissed me. She was still A child; and yet that kiss was on my lips So hot all day where the smoke shut us in.

For now, being always with her, the first love I had—the father's, brother's love—was changed, I think, in somewise; like a holy thought Which is a prayer before one knows of it. The first time I perceived this, I remember, Was once when after hunting I came home Weary, and she brought food and fruit for me. And sat down at my feet upon the floor Leaning against my side. But when I felt Her sweet head reach from that low seat of hers So high as to be laid upon my heart, I turned and looked upon my darling there And marked for the first time how tall she was; And my heart beat with so much violence Under her cheek, I thought she could not choose But wonder at it soon and ask me why; And so I bade her rise and eat with me. And when, remembering all and counting back The time, I made out fourteen years for her And told her so, she gazed at me with eves

As of the sky and sea on a gray day,
And drew her long hands through her hair, and asked
me

If she was not a woman; and then laughed: And as she stooped in laughing, I could see Beneath the growing throat the breasts half-globed Like folded lilies deepset in the stream.

Yes, let me think of her as then; for so Her image, Father, is not like the sights Which come when you are gone. She had a mouth Made to bring death to life,—the underlip Sucked in, as if it strove to kiss itself. Her face was pearly pale, as when one stoops Over wan water; and the dark crisped hair And the hair's shadow made it paler still:— Deep-serried locks, the dimness of the cloud Where the moon's gaze is set in eddying gloom. Her body bore her neck as the tree's stem Bears the top branch; and as the branch sustains The flower of the year's pride, her high neck bore That face made wonderful with night and day. Her voice was swift, yet ever the last words Fell lingeringly; and rounded finger-tips She had, that clung a little where they touched And then were gone o' the instant. Her great eyes. That sometimes turned half dizzily beneath The passionate lids, as feint, when she would speak, Had also in them hidden springs of mirth, Which under the dark lashes evermore Shook to her laugh, as when a bird flies low Between the water and the willow-leaves. And the shade quivers till he wins the light.

I was a moody comrade to her then, For all the love I bore her. Italy, The weeping desolate mother, long has claimed Her sons' strong arms to lean on, and their hands To lop the poisonous thicket from her path, Cleaving her way to light. And from her need Had grown the fashion of my whole poor life Which I was proud to yield her, as my father Had yielded his. And this had come to be A game to play, a love to clasp, a hate To wreak, all things together that a man Needs for his blood to ripen; till at times All else seemed shadows, and I wondered still To see such life pass muster and be deemed Time's bodily substance. In those hours, no doubt, To the young girl my eyes were like my soul,— Dark wells of death-in-life that yearned for day. And though she ruled me always, I remember That once when I was thus and she still kept Leaping about the place and laughing, I Did almost chide her; whereupon she knelt And putting her two hands into my breast Sang me a song. Are these tears in my eyes? 'Tis long since I have wept for anything. I thought that song forgotten out of mind; And now, just as I spoke of it, it came All back. It is but a rude thing, ill rhymed, Such as a blind man chaunts and his dog hears Holding the platter, when the children run To merrier sport and leave him. Thus it goes:-

La bella donna* Piangendo disse: "Come son fisse Le stelle in cielo! Quel fiato anelo Dello stanco sole, Ouanto m' assonna! E la luna, macchiata Come uno specchio Logoro e vecchio,— Faccia affannata, Che cosa vuole? "Chè stelle, luna, e sole, Ciascun m' annoja E m' annojano insième; Non me ne preme Nè ci prendo gioja. E veramente, Che le spalle sien franche E le braccia bianche E il seno caldo e tondo, Non mi fa niente. Che cosa al mondo Posso più far di questi Se non piacciono a te, come dicesti?" La donna rise

La donna rise
E riprese ridendo:—
"Questa mano che prendo
E dunque mia?
Tu m' ami dunque?

* She wept, sweet lady,
And said in weeping:
"What spell is keeping
The stars so steady?
Why does the power
Of the sun's noon-hour
To sleep so move me?
And the moon in heaven,
Stained where she passes
As a worn-out glass is,—
Wearily driven,
Why walks she above me?

"Stars, moon, and sun too, I'm tired of either And all together!
Whom speak they unto
That I should listen?
For very surely,
Though my arms and shoulders
Dazzle beholders,
And my eyes glisten,
All's nothing purely!
What are words said for
At all about them,
If he they are made for
Can do without them?"

She laughed, sweet lady, And said in laughing:

Dimmelo ancora, Non in modo qualunque, Ma le parole Belle e precise Che dicesti pria. 'Siccome suole La state talora (Dicesti) un qualche istante Tornare innanzi inverno, Cosi tu fai ch' io scerno Le foglie tutte quante, Ben ch' 10 certo tenessi Per passato l'autunno. "Eccolo il mio alunno! Io debbo insegnargli Quei cari detti istessi Ch' ei mi disse une una volta! Oimè! Che cosa dargli," (Ma ridea piano piano Dei baci in sulla mano,) "Ch' ei non m' abbia da lungo tempo totta?"

That I should sing upon this bed!—with you To listen, and such words still left to say! Yet was it I that sang? The voice seemed hers, As on the very day she sang to me; When, having done, she took out of my hand

"His hand clings half in My own already! Oh! do you love me? Oh! speak of passion In no new fashion, No loud inveighings, But the old sayings You once said of me.

"You said: 'As summer, Through boughs grown brittle, Comes back a little Ere frosts benumb her,— So bring'st thou to me All leaves and flowers, Though autumn's gloomy
To-day in the bowers.'

"Oh! does he love me,
When my voice teaches
The very speeches
He then spoke of me?
Alas! what flavor
Still with me lingers?"
(But she laughed as my kisses
Glowed in her fingers
With love's old blisses.)
"Oh! what one favor
Remains to woo him,
Whose whole poor savor
Belongs not to him?"

Something that I had played with all the while And laid it down beyond my reach; and so Turning my face round till it fronted hers,— "Weeping or laughing, which was best?" she said.

But these are foolish tales. How should I show The heart that glowed then with love's heat, each day More and more brightly?—when for long years now The very flame that flew about the heart, And gave it fiery wings, has come to be The lapping blaze of hell's environment Whose tongues all bid the molten heart despair.

Yet one more thing comes back on me to-night Which I may tell you: for it bore my soul Dread firstlings of the brood that rend it now. It chanced that in our last year's wanderings We dwelt at Monza, far away from home, If home we had: and in the Duomo there I sometimes entered with her when she prayed. An image of Our Lady stands there, wrought In marble by some great Italian hand In the great days when she and Italy Sat on one throne together: and to her And to none else my loved one told her heart. She was a woman then; and she knelt,— Her sweet brow in the sweet brow's shadow there,— They seemed two kindred forms whereby our land (Whose work still serves the world for miracle) Made manifest herself in womanhood. Father, the day I speak of was the first For weeks that I had borne her company Into the Duomo; and those weeks had been Much troubled, for then first the glimpses came

Of some impenetrable restlessness Growing in her to make her changed and cold. And as we entered there that day, I bent My eyes on the fair Image, and I said Within my heart, "Oh turn her heart to me!" And so I left her to her prayers, and went To gaze upon the pride of Monza's shrine, Where in the sacristy the light still falls Upon the Iron Crown of Italy, On whose crowned heads the day has closed, nor yet The daybreak gilds another head to crown. But coming back, I wondered when I saw That the sweet Lady of her prayers now stood Alone without her; until further off, Before some new Madonna gaily decked, Tinselled and gewgawed, a slight German toy, I saw her kneel, still praying. At my step She rose, and side by side we left the church. I was much moved, and sharply questioned her Of her transferred devotion; but she seemed Stubborn and heedless; till she lightly laughed And said: "The old Madonna? Ave indeed. She had my old thoughts,—this one has my new." Then silent to the soul I held my way: And from the fountains of the public place Unto the pigeon-haunted pinnacles, Bright wings and water winnowed the bright air; And stately with her laugh's subsiding smile She went, with clear-swayed waist and towering neck And hands held light before her; and the face Which long had made a day in my life's night Was night in day to me; as all men's eyes Turned on her beauty, and she seemed to tread Beyond my heart to the world made for her.

Ah, there! my wounds will snatch my sense again: The pain comes billowing on like a full cloud Of thunder, and the flash that breaks from it Leaves my brain burning. That's the wound he gave, The Austrian whose white coat I still made match With his white face, only the two grew red As suits his trade. The devil makes them wear White for a livery, that the blood may show Braver that brings them to him. So he looks Sheer o'er the field and knows his own at once.

Give me a draught of water in that cup;
My voice feels thick; perhaps you do not hear;
But you must hear. If you mistake my words
And so absolve me, I am sure the blessing
Will burn my soul. If you mistake my words
And so absolve me, Father, the great sin
Is yours, not mine: mark this: your soul shall burn
With mine for it. I have seen pictures where
Souls burned with Latin shriekings in their mouths:
Shall my end be as theirs? Nay, but I know
"Tis you shall shriek in Latin. Some bell rings,
Rings through my brain: it strikes the hour in hell.

You see I cannot, Father; I have tried,
But cannot, as you see. These twenty times
Beginning, I have come to the same point
And stopped. Beyond, there are but broken words
Which will not let you understand my tale.
It is that when we have her with us here,
As when she wrung her hair out in my dream
To-night, till all the darkness reeked of it.
Her hair is always wet, for she has kept
Its tresses wrapped about her side for years;

And when she wrung them round over the floor, I heard the blood between her fingers hiss; So that I sat up in my bed and screamed Once and again; and once to once, she laughed. Look that you turn not now,—she's at your back: Gather your robe up, Father, and keep close, Or she'll sit down on it and send you mad.

At Iglio in the first thin shade o' the hills
The sand is black and red. The black was black
When what was spilt that day sank into it,
And the red scarcely darkened. There I stood
This night with her, and saw the sand the same.

What would you have me tell you? Father, father, How shall I make you know? You have not known The dreadful soul of woman, who one day Forgets the old and takes the new to heart, Forgets what man remembers, and therewith Forgets the man. Nor can I clearly tell How the change happened between her and me. Her eyes looked on me from an emptied heart When most my heart was full of her; and still In every corner of myself I sought To find what service failed her; and no less Than in the good time past, there all was hers. What do you love? Your Heaven? Conceive it spread For one first year of all eternity All round you with all joys and gifts of God; And then when most your soul is blent with it And all yields song together,—then it stands O' the sudden like a pool that once gave back Your image, but now drowns it and is clear Again,—or like a sun bewitched, that burns

Your shadow from you, and still shines in sight. How could you bear it? Would you not cry out, Among those eyes grown blind to you, those ears That hear no more your voice you hear the same,—"God! what is left but hell for company, But hell, hell?"—until the name so breathed Whirled with hot wind and sucked you down in fire? Even so I stood the day her empty heart Left her place empty in our home, while yet I knew not why she went nor where she went Nor how to reach her: so I stood the day When to my prayers at last one sight of her Was granted, and I looked on heaven made pale With scorn, and heard heaven mock me in that laugh.

O sweet, long sweet! Was that some ghost of you, Even as your ghost that haunts me now,—twin shapes Of fear and hatred? May I find you yet Mine when death wakes? Ah! be it even in flame, We may have sweetness yet, if you but say As once in childish sorrow: "Not my pain, My pain was nothing: oh your poor poor love, Your broken love!"

My Father, have I not Yet told you the last things of that last day On which I went to meet her by the sea? O God, O God! but I must tell you all.

Midway upon my journey, when I stopped To buy the dagger at the village fair, I saw two cursed rats about the place I knew for spies—blood-sellers both. That day Was not yet over; for three hours to come I prized my life: and so I looked around

For safety. A poor painted mountebank Was playing tricks and shouting in a crowd. I knew he must have heard my name, so I Pushed past and whispered to him who I was, And of my danger. Straight he hustled me Into his booth, as it were in the trick, And brought me out next minute with my face All smeared in patches and a zany's gown; And there I handed him his cups and balls And swung the sand-bags round to clear the ring For half an hour. The spies came once and looked; And while they stopped, and made all sights and sounds Sharp to my startled senses, I remember A woman laughed above me. I looked up And saw where a brown-shouldered harlot leaned Half through a tavern window thick with vine. Some man had come behind her in the room And caught her by her arms, and she had turned With that coarse empty laugh on him, as now He munched her neck with kisses, while the vine Crawled in her back.

And three hours afterwards, When she that I had run all risks to meet Laughed as I told you, my life burned to death Within me, for I thought it like the laugh Heard at the fair. She had not left me long; But all she might have changed to, or might change to, (I know nought since—she never speaks a word—) Seemed in that laugh. Have I not told you yet, Not told you all this time what happened, Father, When I had offered her the little knife, And bade her keep it for my sake that loved her, And she had laughed? Have I not told you yet?

"Take it," I said to her the second time,
"Take it and keep it." And then came a fire
That burnt my hand; and then the fire was blood,
And sea and sky were blood and fire, and all
The day was one red blindness; till it seemed,
Within the whirling brain's eclipse, that she
Or I or all things bled or burned to death.
And then I found her laid against my feet
And knew that I had stabbed her, and saw still
Her look in falling. For she took the knife
Deep in her heart, even as I bade her then,
And fell; and her stiff bodice scooped the sand
Into her bosom.

And she keeps it, see,
Do you not see she keeps it?—there, beneath
Wet fingers and wet tresses, in her heart.
For look you, when she stirs her hand, it shows
The little hilt of horn and pearl,—even such
A dagger as our women of the coast
Twist in their garters.

Father, I have done:

And from her side she now unwinds the thick Dark hair; all round her side it is wet through, But, like the sand at Iglio, does not change. Now you may see the dagger clearly. Father, I have told all: tell me at once what hope Can reach me still. For now she draws it out Slowly, and only smiles as yet: look, Father, She scarcely smiles: but I shall hear her laugh Soon, when she shows the crimson steel to God.

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The Harper and the King's Horse

A tale in verse by Payne Erskine, with six illustrations by Sarah K. Smith.

A narrative of unusual charm, told in verse of varying form, according to the phase of the story—partly a simple ballad measure, rising here and there to the higher lyrical and dramatic moods. It has the prime advantage of never allowing the author's poetic strain to eclipse the story; a quality too often lacking in modern verse. The clear style, together with its rich color and underlying humor, will make this delightful production a favorite with young people, as well as with those elders to whom the salt of romance has not yet lost its savor.

The book is printed in Caslon old-style type, and decorated with specially drawn initials and title page designs, using a motif well suited to illumination. The paper is toned Van Gelder, hand-made, of a character which will carry water-color work perfectly. This book is expected to meet the demand for a new work of cheerful character on which the artistic effort of the illuminator will not be in vain. The binding is antique boards with cloth back. Size 6x9 inches, 48 pages, October 1905.

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The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park Chicago, Illinois



"Bho dares to steal this horse of mine",

Goblin Market

by Christina Rossetti with a note by Wallace Rice

This delightful poem proved so popular in the June issue of The Pageant (it caused that number to go speedily out of print), that we have decided to publish it in our Pageant series of books.

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The following quotations are now ready or in preparation for immediate issue:

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"Oh for a Booke,"—Old English Song
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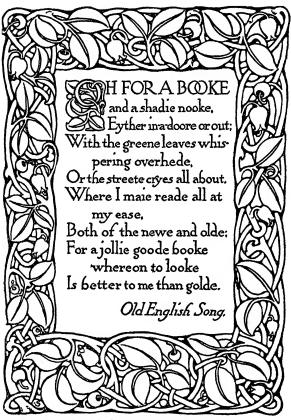
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The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park Chicago, Illinois

[&]quot;The World is too much with us."—Wadsworth.

[&]quot;Now I lay me."—Child Prayer.

[&]quot;The Lord is my Shepherd."—23rd Psalm.



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THE PAGEANT

A Magazine of Belles-Lettres of The Blue Sky of Press of Chicago

In this number:

Poems by John Donne.

For December.

The Jackdaw of Rheims and The Misadventures of Margate, by "Thomas Ingoldsby" (Richard Harris Barham.)

Vol. 1, No. 6 The Pageant Nov. 1, 1905

a magazine of Belles-Lettres issued monthly by The Blue Sky Press, Hyde Park, Chicago. Sold by subscription at fifty cents per year or ten cents per copy

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The Pageant Magazine

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MWith Volume 2 the price is advanced to \$1.00 per year.

■Until January 1st, 1906, subscriptions will be accepted at the old rate

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The Blue Sky Press Hyde Park, Chicago, Illinois

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A tale in verse by Payne Erskine, with six

illustrations by Sarah K. Smith.

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IN A BALCONY

BY ROBERT BROWNING

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LAURA MC ADOO TRIGGS

This play holds a position distinctly its own among the dramatic works of the masters; the present edition, is an earnest effort to clothe it in a manner that befits its quality.

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Sir Galahad

William Morris was a noted socialist and He was also a writer of some craftsman. quaint and curious pieces of enduring litera-Many of his themes were taken from Sir Thomas Malory, and among the most interesting of these is "Sir Galahad or a Christmas Mystery." This was one of the first books to be printed at the now famous Kelmscott Press. It portrays the vision of Sir Galahad on Christmas eve, a year before he attained the Holy Grail: Of all the Knights of King Arthur's Court, he alone was worthy. A photogravure reproduction has been made of Hinton's beautiful oil painting illustrating the vision, and is used as a frontispiece to The Blue Sky Press hand-lettered edition of Sir Galahad. Only a limited number have been printed, and these are offered for sale at \$2.50, on Van Gelder paper and \$5.00 on Japan vellum. A copy will be sent anywhere on approval.

John Donne; 1573-1631; Poet and Divine: Dean of St. Paul's.

"Better and truer verse none ever wrote Than thou revered and magisterial Donne," Two Poets of Croisic.

Robert Browning

Donne, the delight of Phoebus and each muse, Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse; Whose every work of thy most early wit Came forth example and remains so yet: Longer a-knowing than most wits do live, And which no affection praise enough can give!

To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life, Which might with half man-kind maintain a strife; All which I meant to praise and yet I would, But leave, because I cannot as I should.

Ben Jonson

This was for youth, strength, mirth and wit that time Most count their golden age; but twas not thine. Thine was thy later years, so much refin'd From youth's drosse, mirth and wit, as thy pure mind Thought (like the angels) nothing but the praise Of thy Creator in those last best days. Witness this booke (thy emblem), which begins With love, but ends with sighs and tears for sins.

Lines by Isaac Walton.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing,
. Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learned the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this, Others (because no more Such stuff to work upon there is) Would love but as before:

But he who loveliness within

Hath found, all outward loathes;

For he who color loves and skin,

Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;—

And if this love, though placed so, From profane men you hide, Which will no faith on this bestow, Or, if they do, deride;—

Then you have done a braver thing, Than all the Worthies did, And a braver thence will spring, Which is, to keep that hid.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh to move,
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent,
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou gav'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears;
For this love was not vowed by thee,
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, was mine, whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more;
And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in
store;

Thou canst not every day give me thy heart, If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it: Love's riddles are that, though thy heart depart, It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it: But we will love a way more liberal Than changing hearts,—to join them; so we shall Be one, and one another's All.

SONG.

Sweetest Love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 't is best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die;

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That, if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep:
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I,
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then
But sucked on country pleasures childishly?
Or slumbered we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'T was so; but this, all pleasures fancies be:
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired and got, 't was but a dream of
thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls, Which watch not one another out of fear; For love all love of other sights controls, And makes one little room an everywhere. Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone, Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown, Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears, And true plain hearts do in the faces rest; Where can we find two fitter hemispheres Without sharp north, without declining west? Whatever dies, was not mixed equally; If our two loves be one, both thou and I Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go AND catch a falling star,
Get with child and mandrake root,
Tell me where all years past† are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,

†Var. times past.

Teach me to hear mermaid's singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear.

Nowhere
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not: I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet;
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she

Yet she Will be

False, ere I come, to two or three.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL Kings, and all their favorites,
All glory of honors, beauties, wits,
The sun itself (which makes times, as these pass)
Is elder by a year now, than it was,
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse;
If one might, death were no divorce;
Alas! as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be,)
Must leave at last in death these eyes, and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears.
But souls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased, there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their
graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest:
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we, where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two?

True and false fears let us refrain: Let us love nobly, and live, and add again Years and years unto years, till we attain To write threescore: this is the second of our reign.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much

That subtle wreath of hair which crowns mine arm;

The mystery, the sign you must not touch, For 't is my outward soul,

Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone, Will leave this to control

And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall Through every part,

Can tie those parts, and make me one of all; Those hairs, which upward grew, and strength

and art

Have from a better brain.

Can better do 't: except she meant that I

By this should know my pain,

As prisoners then are menacled, when they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me; For since I am

Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,

If into other hands these relics came.

As 't was humility

To afford to it all that a soul can do, So 't is some bravery,

That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

THE RELIC.

When my grave is broke up again Some second guest to entertain, (For graves have learned that woman-head, To be to more than one a bed,)

And he, that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,

Will he not let us alone, And think that there a loving couple lies, Who thought that this device might be some way To make their souls, at the last busy day, Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then, he, that digs us up, will bring
Us to the Bishop or the King,
To make us relics; then

Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I

A something else thereby; All women shall adore us, and some men; And since at such time miracles are sought, I would have that age by this paper taught What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

> First we loved well and faithfully, Yet knew not what we loved, nor why; Difference of sex we never knew, No more than guardian angels do; Coming and going we

Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals

Our hands ne'er toucht the seals, Which nature, injured by late law, set free: These miracles we did; but now, alas! All measure and all language I should pass, Should I tell what a miracle she was.

WIICHCKAFI BY A PICTUKE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye;
My picture drowned in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy;
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marred, to kill
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will.

But now I've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I'll depart:
My picture vanished, vanish all fears,
That I can be endamaged by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

Goblin Market

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WITH A NOTE BY WALLACE RICE

This delightful poem proved so popular in the June issue of The Pageant (it caused that number to go speedily out of print), that we have decided to publish it in our Pageant series of books.

It is carefully printed in Caslon old-style type on Van Gelder handmade paper, size $4\frac{1}{4}x5\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The binding is in light antique boards. Now ready.

300 copies on paper, each 50 cents postpaid.

15 copies on Japan vellum, each \$2.00 postpaid.

The World Above

A piece of writing far above the ordinary, this book must be acknowledged as a deep, serious message from an author of clear, forceful personality. The theme itself, (the scientific probability of the persistence of the soul's life after physical death) is one which has fascinated great writers from the beginning of literature. In the present volume, it is successfully cast into a conventionally dramatic form. most readers, the suspense of the action will outweigh the meaning of the symbolism, at least during the first reading; but the real argument, with its beauty and directness, is never lost in the sympathy one feels for the characters. The book has not a single narrow or sectarian characteristic, but deals with human world in a human way. could rise from its perusal without a strengthened hope, a more enduring faith, based on the highest reasoning and intuition, in the final light of immortality. Now ready.

The book is simply designed, printed on white Van Gelder hand-made paper, and beautifully bound in antique boards with a decorative cover design in white and gold. The size is 5x8 inches.

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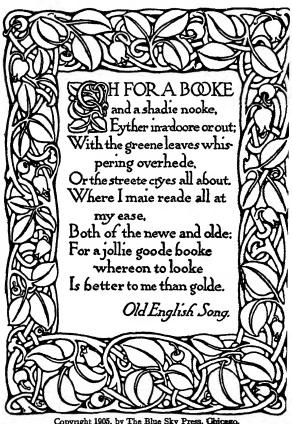
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In this number:

The Jackdaw of Rheims and Misadventures at Margate by "Thomas Ingoldsby" (Richard Harris Barham)

For January:

The Last Fight of the Revenge by Sir Walter Raleigh, with Sir Robert Nawnton's Character Sketch of Raleigh.

Vol. 1, No. 7 The Pageant Dec. 1, 1905

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- No. 7. The Jackdaw of Rheims, p. 190
 Misadventures at Margate, p. 195, both by "Thomas Ingoldsby"
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The Jackdaw of Rheims

and

Misadventures at Margate

by "Thomas Ingoldsby"
(Richard Harris Barham)

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair! Bishop and abbot and prior were there;

Many a monk, and many a friar, Many a knight, and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree,-In sooth, a goodly company;

And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween,

Was a prouder seen,

Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,

Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims! In and out.

Through the motley rout,

That little Jackdaw kept hopping about:

Here and there. Like a dog in a fair, Over comfits and cates, And dishes and plates,

Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall, Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all.

With a saucy air,

He perched on the chair

Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat. In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;

And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,

With a satisfied look, as if he would say, "WE TWO are the greatest folks here to-day!"

And the priests, with awe,

As such freaks they saw, Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!" The feast was over, the board was cleared, The flawns and the custards had all disappeared, And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,—

Came, in order due, Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope!

One little boy more A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink, And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight Of these nice little boys dressed all in white;

From his finger he draws His costly turquoise:

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws, Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait; Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing, That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There 's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they 're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside
out:

The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe

And left his red stockings exposed to the view;

He peeps, and he feels

In the toes and the heels.

They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates,—

They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

—They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs;

But, no!-no such thing,-

They can't find THE RING!

And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,

Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,

He called for his candle, his bell, and his book! In holy anger and pious grief

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed; From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a

fright.

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying; He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!—

Never was heard such a terrible curse!

But what give rise To no little surprise,

Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,

The monks and the friars they searched till dawn; When the sacristan saw,

On crumpled claw,

Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!

No longer gay, As on yesterday;

His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way:—

His pinions drooped,—he could hardly stand,— His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;

His eye so dim, So wasted each limb.

That, heedless of grammer, they all cried, "THAT'S

That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,

That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,

When the manks he saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw; And turned his bald head as much as to say.

"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower He limped on before,

Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,

Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw.

Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book, And off that terrible curse he took:

> The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution, The Jackdaw got a plenary absolution!

-When those words were heard,

That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd:

He grew slick and fat;

In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat! His tail waggled more

Even than before:

But no longer it wagged with an impudent air, No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair:

He hopped now about

With a gait devout; At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out; And, so far from any more pilfering deeds, He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied, or if any one swore,

Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,

That good Tackdaw

Would give a great "Caw!"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!" While many remarked, as his manners they saw, That they "never had known such a pious Tack-

daw!"

He long lived the pride Of that country side,

And at last in the odor of sanctity died;

When, as words were too faint

His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint. And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,

It 's the custom of Rome new names to bestow, So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

I was in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,

I saw â little vulgar Boy, — I said, "What make you here?

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"

Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I meant to scoff,—

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off."

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it 's striking Nine," I said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold,—O fie!

It 's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,

His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like anything!

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur,—"Ah!

I have n't got no supper! and I have n't got no Ma!

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone:

I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to cheer my heart,

Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there 's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,

By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)

"And now I 'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent

To jump as Mister Levi did from off the Monument!

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man,—cheer up!"
I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head;

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,

Perhaps your neck,—then Bogey 'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup!

My landlady is Mrs. Jones,—we must not keep her up, —

There 's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you,—

Come home, you little vulgar Boy,—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—

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And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,

"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,

She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the delf,

Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho,—I went to Mr. Cobb,—I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob),—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—

And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about,—I gazed on stool and chair,—

I could not see my little friend, because he was not there!

I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa, too,—

I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's be-

I could not see my table-spoons,—I looked, but could not see

The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;

I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,
---O, dear!

I know 't was on the mantle-piece when I went out for beer. I could not see my Macintosh,—it was not to be seen!

Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and lined with green;

My carpet-bag,—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and sov.—

My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,

"O Mrs. Jones, what do you think?—ain't this a pretty go?

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night

He's stolen my things and run away!" Says she, "And sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes,—I sent the Crier round,

All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I 'd give a pound

To find that little vulgar Boy, who 'd gone and used me so;

But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,

There was a common sailor-man a walking up and down,

I told my tale,—he seemed to think I 'd not been treated well,

And called me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man, he said he 'd seen that morning on the shore

A son of—something—'t was a name I 'd never heard before,—

- A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he mean?—
- With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs," and a hat turned up with green.
- He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he 'd seen him "sheer,"—
- It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer;
- queer;
 And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I 'm told, their use,—
- It 's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.
- I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
- He 'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
- In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before, *
- And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres" about the Nore.
- A landsman said, "I twig the chap, he 's been upon th Mill,—
- And 'cause he gammons so the flats, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
- He said "he 'd done me werry brown, and nicely stowed the swag,"—
- That 's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpetbag.
- I went and told a constable my property to track; He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back."
- I answered, "To be sure I do!—it 's what I 'm come about."
- He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I 'd hasten back to town,

And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who 'd "done me brown,"

His Lordship very kindly said he 'd try and find him out,

But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;

He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ,

But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, that when a boy I 've heard my Grandma tell,

"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who 've go no fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!

And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

The World Above

A DUOLOGUE BY MARTHA FOOTE CROW

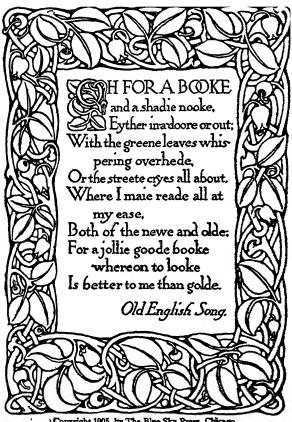
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